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4. Our Party at Pascamyo
5. Hoisting Animals onto the Ship

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WOMAN'S ARCHIVES

Cousin Bela

From

Josepha

Xmas 1918

Cordially yours

Cornelia de Jong-Foster

a Woman Saw
South America

ORNELIA [illegible]ENG-FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED

Boston
Roxburgh Publishing Company
Inc.

ernment. It provides most thoughtfully for its guests, but like everything else in the Canal Zone demands unscrupulous prices.

Thanks to Colonel Gorgas' strenuous work and the complete extinction of the dreaded mosquito—of which pest we did not see a single one during our sojourn in the Zone—Panama is no longer the unsanitary spot of several years ago.

Everyone rides in Panama, even the big black Mammy grinning over the top of her basket piled high with all sorts of frilled and furbelowed garments. At first it did not seem possible that the diminutive horses, which remind one of big dogs, could draw the carriages; yet we were assured that they are the only equines able to endure hard work in this climate, and they soon proved their ability to get us over the ground. Being recommended to try a coachman who answered in a rich Irish brogue to the poetic name of Tomaso Sullivan (yet was in color the jettiest of blacks and scarcely looked the nationality expected), we found him so familiar with the city and its customs, so tireless and

What a Woman Saw in South America

By

CORNELIA DEZENG-FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED

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DEDICATION

To

My Mother, to whom this material was originally sent in the form of letters,

and to

The "Doctor," my husband, with whom the trip was taken,

This Book

Is affectionately dedicated.

ILLUSTRATIONS

CHAPTER I *Frontispiece, The Author.*
Silver & Copper Images taken from Inca Tombs by the Author.
Ancient Inca Pottery.
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loves a lark as well as in his freshman days.

The stern-faced Suffragette is here—she who would redeem the world from wicked men and transform it into a "Hennery." Of course we have the "Newly weds" (two pairs on this boat), who stroll arm in arm unconscious of the glory that surrounds them and have eyes only for each other. One is a shy little maid from San Francisco, who clings confidingly to the strong encircling arm of her big burly husband, who is taking his fair bride down into the wilds of the Chilian Andes to prospect for gold. The other couple are Peruvians. He is a great, strapping piece of pomposity, with heavy black moustachios waxed to pin-points and pointing fiercely upward, yet he deigns to smile when his blushing, dimpling, dark-eyed darling tickles his nose, and then as a reward for his patient endurance perches a dainty kiss under his ear when she thinks no one is looking. The rest of the passengers are the usual assortment found on trips like this—some entertaining, some bores, and some nonentities.

It is always interesting to watch one's neigh-

bors "Fletcherize" at table. The absent minded business man eats to the tempo of a lively quick-step; the nouveau-rich, recently evolved from husks to millions, work knife and fork to the "jump up and down polka", and the love sick "spooners" languidly elevate their food to the seductive strains of the "Merry Widow waltz."

United States people are largely in the minority, but make strenuous efforts to represent their country properly. They are "picked-on" good naturedly. For example: a "Blooming Englishman" (Son of an earl and rather "Don't cher know") wisely explained that the Presidents of the United States sprang from obscurity, and after four years of lime-light returned whence they came, while English rulers had succeeded each other for many centuries on account of their royal blood. Doctor, having whiter hair than the others of the "would be limelighters", was looked to for a response to the Englishman's toast (Roast), so simply and modestly he asked him if he realized that "it takes no more brains to be born a king than to fall into a mudpuddle." The Englishman did

not join in the loud smile, but was later heard to ask the Captain "if that was a joke or an insult."

The weather is getting dreadfully hot, and this morning I overhauled our luggage and in the very lowest depths packed away everything which is not of the thinnest. Since the mercury registered 104° at nine A. M. in Colon we have not dared to look at the thermometer for fear we might find the quick-silver running out of the top, but we are not suffering, as the ship is well equipped with electric fans, and when within reach of them we can always keep comfortable.

Thus far we have not sighted a ship, but the flying-fish prove a continual source of amusement and we never tire watching them scuttle away from under the bows of our vessel. We see a great many ducks and just now a lonely little gull is swinging round the stern in quest of food, while two decks below where we are sitting a fat pig is ambling briskly and squealing delightedly over each newly discovered moist spot, which he thinks is for his special

playground. Poor Piggy! Little does he dream that his days are numbered and that he is to be the "piece de resistance" for the Christmas dinner. All of these steamship lines carry the meat on the hoof, and the animals contentedly nibbling their food today are apt to greet you tomorrow in quite another form and minus several parts of their anatomy. The poor things are killed as required, for the facilities of the refrigerator are not sufficient to hold the amount needed, and the powers of the ice-plant are limited. So there is a butcher, a baker, a chef,—in fact a staff of efficient "specialists" to cater to the wants of the passengers. But there is no garden and the traveller is obliged to depend on canned things. The animals are brought to the ship (which is called by the natives "The Devil's Boat") in lighters and hoisted by a noose slipped under their horns and hooked to the chain of the steam-winch. The poor brutes are knocked against the bulwarks in a barbarous way, swung through the air and dropped on deck with a crash that stuns them, and it is often

necessary to twist their tails violently in order to restore consciousness.

After disposing of our cargo at Guayaquil and watching in vain for the "canvas clad mosquitos," our next stop was at Paita, and hardly had we dropped anchor before a multitude of natives swarmed up the ladders and offered all sorts of articles for sale. Most interesting were the Panama hats, and after much bartering we purchased two beauties. The town did not look very promising, but on invitation of the Captain we went ashore in a boat manned by eight lithe sailors and were entertained by the Captain of the Port—a gay old beau retired from the Peruvian army and inordinately proud of his medals and his English, which he tangles and twists most wofully. We were escorted with much ceremony through the Custom House and along narrow irregular streets that start from nowhere and end in the same place and fairly seethe with naked babies, Chihauhan dogs, and powder-bedaubed women, who stared open-mouthed at the strange white woman who laughed so

much and was apparently having such a good time.

After securing as souvenir a mouldy old piece of bamboo cane that served as a brace in the wall of one of the first houses built in Paita, and which required the combined efforts of all the jack-knives in the party to pry it loose, we took a ride on a ramshackle tram-car drawn by a despondent donkey who turned away his head whenever we attempted to take his photograph. We closed our visit by a call at a much-lauded club, (the only one in Paita) where we made a merry party over stale crackers and ginger-ale and admired the elaborate decorations being hung for the Christmas dance.

Paita is a wonderfully healthful place where no one is ever ill, and it is said that the inhabitants never die except from sheer weariness of existence. As an example of the salubriousness of the climate it is related that two men (an undertaker and a grave digger), after long months of waiting for clients, decided that something must be done to start business.

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whose crevices vines and wild flowers had taken root; then close to an Inca burial ground as yet unopened, and on through a beautiful residential section of the city to our hotel.

In order to be present at the opening of some Inca graves we joined a "Resurrection Party" to Santa Clara—a small town up the Oroyo Railroad, which is counted as the eighth wonder of the world. It cost Peru seven thousand lives during the seven years the road was under construction. The Inca dead were prepared after a manner similar to that of ancient Egypt and are perfectly preserved. The body was buried in a sitting posture, knees drawn up under the chin and the arms clasped about the legs. Wrappings of cloth were fastened by ropes about the corpse, and within the tomb were placed jewelry, implements and utensils, and other articles of personal property which would equip the spirit for life in the other world. It is believed that the eyes of the dead were replaced by those of cuttle-fish or squibs and the natural eyeballs preserved from decay by some peculiar method. In

many graves these mummified eyeballs are found. Enterprising venders of curios set them in silver mountings for pins. These unique ornaments may be purchased at unscrupulous prices in many of the shops. The mummies are in as good condition after the lapse of centuries as though interred only yesterday. Gold and silver jewelry, cups of ancient design, weapons, water-jugs, and other curiosities are discovered in the tombs and are the delight of antiquarians and relic-hunters.

We spent an afternoon at the Zoo, another at the Botanical Gardens, and visited the Museum where there is a wonderful collection of Inca treasures and interesting specimens of "Knot Writing." The Incas had no alphabet, but their Amantas (learned men) kept a methodical record of events, accounts, history, etc., by means of the "Quippi," which are cords of twisted wool fastened to a base prepared for the purpose. The cords are of various sizes and colors and each size and color had its own special meaning, when tied in an elaborate system of entwining intricate knots. All the

history, poems, songs, religion, superstition, etc., of that ancient race are contained within those knots and twists, but as yet no one has been able to discover their key, and until that is found the lives of that remarkable people must remain a secret. Very little is known about them, but they have left behind every evidence of having been a highly civilized race, and each year greater numbers of historians and antiquarians are flocking to Peru to study the land and the ruins of the cities where the Incas lived, loved, worked and died.

Our hotel was close by the great Cathedral built by Pizarro in 1535. We had a peep at his mummified remains which are religiously preserved in a glass case under the high altar with his heart in a red glass bottle at his feet. The room in the palace whence he made his exit from this life is still exhibited to curious travellers willing to pay a few centavos for the privilege of gazing at the blood-stained floor. The dull spots look suspiciously like a recent application of red ink.

The cemetery at Lima is well worth a visit.

It reminds one of the "Campo Santo" at Pisa, but is more artistically laid out in a forest of shrubs and trees interspersed with well kept grass plots and flower-beds among which are set exquisitely wrought statues, obelisks, richly sculptured marble tombs and fine monuments. The dead lie in four-tiered marble and cement houses, one casket in a division, the end sealed and ornamented with various decorations encircling the name of the occupant and hung with a variety of offerings placed there by the family and friends. There are photos, wreathes of artificial flowers and ribbons, toys, beads threaded on wire, books,—in fact all sorts of little nothings, yet at every step one sees something that stirs the heart to pity for the bereaved. Coffin spaces are rented by the year, and if the money is not forthcoming at the very moment it is due, the compartment is opened, the body dumped unceremoniously on the ground, and if not claimed within six hours, is carted off to the Potter's Field and thrown into a deep pit with a sifting of quicklime.

The policemen of Lima have such a fondness for sleep that the most atrocious crimes were committed under their very noses without disturbing their slumbers. Now the Government provides every man with a whistle and a lantern. With the former he is obliged to signal every three minutes to the officer on the next beat, and change the position of his lantern every fifteen minutes, thus displaying a different colored light at each turn. Inspectors appear at most unexpected moments to see that whistles and lanterns are properly operated, so there is not much chance now for naps while on duty.

Milk is peddled about Lima by women who ride astride morose donkeys, with a battered tin can hanging in front of each of their knees. She heralds her approach by a peculiar shrill nasal cry, which is recognized by the householders and they emerge with jugs for the daily supply of milk.

All of the benevolent institutions of Lima are supported by the "Sociedad Beneficencio," which is composed of prominent citizens who

raise money by subscriptions, cock-fights, lotteries and bull-fights, the latter being the most popular. It was amusing to read the placards announcing an unusually attractive bull-fight given the Sunday previous to our arrival in Lima, for the benefit of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. At this "humane affair" seven bulls and fifteen horses were slaughtered, and a large sum of money was received for the Society to use in the "prevention of cruelty."

At present Moving Pictures, or as they are called here, "Cinema pathe," are the rage of the hour and patronized extensively by all classes and conditions. One house has interspersed the films with variety acts so "risque" that the city officials require a statement made in all the advertisements that "it is a scandalous performance." Yet the place is allowed to run and is packed to the doors.

It is astonishing how many idle people are seen, all doing nothing and day after day the same ones are in the same place, dreaming and smoking and resting, apparently "able to live

on nothing and find themselves." Very few can boast of pure blood. Their only ambition is to turn white, and a person with no taint of black blood is the object of much envy. The women of the middle classes paint their hair brown and use enough liquid white face-wash to keep a drug-store well stocked. The result is a very odd appearance, especially where white paint and dark skin meet. There are many beautiful women among the wealthy class who are blessed with clear olive skin and wonderful black eyes. They spend nearly half their time in Paris and appear garbed in the very latest French creations.

It is only at mass and other church services that these spoiled darlings wear the "mantua" and then rich and poor alike appear with the graceful soft shawl draped about the head in such manner as to conceal all of the face except the eyes. The custom of wearing the mantua is said to have originated with the Incas. They wore them in all colors of the prism until the assassination of their king Atahualpa, and then every woman put on a black mantua. Since

that time the mantuas have always been black, a permanent mourning for the "Last of the Incas."

Many strange names are heard in these Latin countries, but even after a long residence it is difficult for a stranger to become accustomed to seeing the name of "Jesus" displayed on door-plates and signs. It is one of the most common names here, and there is "Jesus the Shoemaker," "Jesus the Cartman," "Jesus the Porter," and we were introduced to a man named "Jesus Nazaro."

"Agua Jesus" (Jesus Water) is a highly carbonated water from a famous spring near Arequipa, a town whose name signifies "Place of rest." We liked it until we learned that invalids bathe in the exhilarating, effervescing pool of the spring.

This coast is an ever-shifting kaleideoscope. Schools of porpoises go cavorting by; sea-lions bob up and down; whales playfully "lay the dust" by spouting briney spray high into the air; occasionally an open-countenanced shark appears with his broad smile that says he hopes

some doubting Thomas may wish to try the "Jonah method" of navigation. There are great flocks of birds—thousands of them—skimming along in search of food and dropping like bullets straight down into the water when their keen eyes discover an unsuspecting fish swimming along. And always the wonderful mountains rising straight up from the sea until lost in the clouds. The bare brown sides are almost devoid of vegetation and assume all sorts of fantastic shapes. Surely the illustrator of Dante's "Inferno" must have visited South America before making his drawings. There are mysterious gullies, dark gorges, and yawning chasms worn smooth by the sliding sands that come rushing down from the plateau above. There are enough ragged, jagged needle-pointed rocks to furnish a special seat for each condemned sinner; while the scarcity of water quite coincides with the tales of everlasting thirst. Nowhere else is there so rugged a coast, yet its very awesomeness fascinates.

Sometimes the ship turns into harbors

where forlorn little towns are almost hidden behind sea-walls and dunes of sand. We see trains of llamas that climb circuitous routes into the interior carrying food and water to the mining settlements far back among the hills. It is said of the llamas, or mountain camels, that "these gifted animals can live on nothing and by digesting it several times exist for days." They will carry a load of just one hundred pounds—not a bit more—and will lie down and absolutely refuse to move until the overweight is removed.

They are the only beasts of burden that can be used in these rugged Andes, where food and water are so scarce and footing so precarious that even the nimble little burros are unable to go where these chamois-like creatures safely climb. They have long slender necks, pointed ears, soft restless eyes, and quivering lips and are generally a dark brown color with patches of white, but sometimes entirely white. They are usually of a good disposition and when hurt will shed tears, but if angry will spit a brownish yellow saliva that has a disagreeable

smell. Blood poisoning frequently results from the effects of this spittle, and the drivers take good care to keep out of reach of an enraged llama. Llama excrement is extensively used for fuel throughout South America. When sun-dried and formed into little cakes it is called "Taquia."

These mountain passes reach very near the clouds, and one mountain explorer told me that on several occasion he had encountered the feet of angels hanging down from Heaven and had to tickle their soles before they would draw them up and not impede progress.

One drawback that deters many from an Andes trip is "siroche," or "mountain fever," caused by the rarified air of extreme elevations. It is attended by distressing nausea, numbness of the limbs, faintness, profuse bleeding from the nose and ears, and difficulty in breathing. Unless the patient is soon removed to a lower altitude, death is apt to result.

In the neighborhood of Tambo de Mora many balsas and catamarans are seen. A balsa is a queer shaped double canoe made of infla-

ted seal-skins. Across the stern, wielding huge paddles, men sit astride, their feet dangling in the water. The catamarans are fishing rafts constructed by lashing large sticks of bamboo together by means of rushes; on these the fishermen stand, oftimes with feet and even knees submerged in water. These strange crafts look most unseaworthy, but are often sighted as far as fifteen miles from shore.

There was little to see at Pisca or Chala, but from the busy port of Mollendo is begun the trip into one of the most interesting sections of the continent—the great plateau regions of Bolivia and Peru known as "The Roof of the World."

It is only during recent years that Cuzco can be reached by train. Arriving there one thinks himself in another world. The inhabitants are Quichas, who are descendants of the people over whom the Incas ruled. They have innumerable feasts and carnivals and on such occasions most interesting things are seen. The costumes worn on gala days by the women are marvels to behold. They appear in skirts

of red, blue, pink, yellow and other hues worn one on top of the other, sometimes to the number of a dozen, little round hats, bright bodices and shawls. When fortunate enough to possess shoes they put them on without stockings, being careful to remove them if walking where they might become soiled. The men wear knitted caps and ponchoes, which are square pieces of coarse cloth woven from alpacca or vicuna wool, with an opening left in the center to allow the head to slip through. Trousers slit to the knee and ear-laps complete the costume..

Many of the houses are built on the old Inca masonry, and the joints made without the use of mortar or cement are still perfect. Some of these old ruins contain massive stones fifteen to twenty feet long and ten to twelve feet thick. How they could have been brought to their present sites from a great distance without the help of engines or cranes (of which the Incas had none) is as great a mystery as how the stones of the pyramids of Egypt were lifted into place. Very interesting ruins are found

everywhere in this region. The most marvelous are those of the "Temple of the Sun," where the conquering Spaniards found untold treasures of gold; the old Convent with its strange images of the "God of Earthquakes;" and the "Fortress."

There is a peculiar fascination about the "Desert of Islay" with its moving crescents of sand, its sugar plantations in the oasis, and glimpses of the great El Misti volcano rising in perfect cone shape 19,173 feet above the sea.

The fifteen hour trip across Lake Titicaca—the highest navigable lake in the world—is most enjoyable, even though one has to literally sit on one's luggage to prevent its being stolen. There is a spice of danger when La Paz is reached and the visitor is let down into the city by means of an electric car, which drops passengers and freight over the rim of the mountain straight down into the heart of the town, 14,000 feet below.

In the virgin forests of the Amazon roam many strange tribes of Indians. The Jivaros, or Red Indians, have the custom of waging war

on other tribes to secure human heads. By a carefully guarded secret process known only to them the heads are reduced to the size of a large orange and worn as belt ornaments. The more such heads dangled by a warrior the greater his fame. The remarkable thing about these heads is that although so greatly diminished in size, the features are perfectly retained and preserved—most ghastly-looking objects. The long black hair of their conquered foes is braided into girdles and worn as mementos of prowess. So fiercely do the warriors guard their trophies it is next to impossible to secure one, but in the museum at Lima is the head of a woman that is considered a remarkable specimen. It is uncanny in its hideousness and the wizened, shrivelled face haunts me.

The Cichua Indians found in the section about Cochabamba (a city in Bolivia), furnish a popular drink from which the Government derives an annual revenue of $40,000 ($16,000 gold). It is called "chicha" and is made from "muco," a mixture of chewed corn and water, and the natives hold great festivals

at the time of its making. Those having the best teeth take a mouthful of corn which they masticate to a pulp and then eject into a trough from which it is transferred to jars containing water and left to ferment. In Peru the chicha is made from chewed yucca instead of corn.

The tribe of Orejons (Big Ears) insert disks of wood in their ears to enlarge them, and they achieve such proportons, that it is said an "Orejon lies down on one ear and covers himself over with the other."

Some of the Indian women, when tired of their husbands, give them an infusion of floripondio (seed of Datura Sanguinea), which renders them idiotic and the wives are thus left free to choose a new consort. Several instances are known where the first husband has served as a slave to his successor.

One peculiar custom among all the tribes is that of a woman going alone to the woods to be delivered of her child, and after bathing herself and the new born babe in the waters of a stream she returns to her home, assists her hus-

band to bed, and for eight days she serves him with the choicest procurable dainties.

Some of the burial customs are very odd. When a Napu Indian dies his widow is immediately taken to the river and washed. His dead body is then placed in a coffin made from a canoe with a lid of bamboo sticks, and a kind of "Irish wake" is held. Attired in their best garments, with elaborate head-dresses of richly colored feathers from the breast of the toucan, and surmounted by the long feathers of the macaw, and adorned with necklaces of beads, seeds, monkey teeth, etc., the friends and kinsfolk gather at the house of mourning. There, to the tapping of drums they trot for hours in a circle, stopping only to refresh themselves with drinks of chicha.

The people about Quito bury their dead at night. The corpse is placed in a sitting position in a chair and, preceded by lantern carriers, is borne to the grave while plaintive dirges are sung. If the family is rich the body is embalmed and kept about the house. At one ranch we saw the mummified body of the old

grandfather seated in a corner of the living room, and the son proudly announced that in the ten years since his father died he had never yet failed to provide the corpse with at least one new suit annually.

Taltal is a place so insignificant it would be found only on navigation maps, but it nestles under the shadow of mountains on whose tops the snow never melts, and whose forbidding aspect attracts while it repels.

Some of the passengers who came aboard there looked indigenous to the soil and carried a liberal portion of it on their persons. A woman came up the ladder balancing a sewing-machine on her head, carrying a market basket in one hand and leading two goats and a ferocious looking bulldog. She stowed herself away in a sunny corner of the steerage deck and was soon sweetly sleeping with her head on the machine, the precious basket in her lap and the menagerie grouped about watching over her slumbers. Near her a Chilian swain made "goo-goo eyes" at a maiden whose natural complexion was swathed in several boxes

of pearl powder most brazenly applied over her ebony skin, and the line where black met white was discernible even across the deck.

There has not been a drop of rain in Lima for over forty years, and the people rely entirely on the heavy dews and irrigation, but we revel in all sorts of fruit at once—alligator pears, plums, raspberries, bald-headed peaches, melons, pears, etc. The fruit and vegetables that grow close to the ground, such as strawberries, lettuce, etc. are never eaten (by foreigners) uncooked on account of the typhoid germs lurking in the irrigation water.

Thirty-five years ago when a treaty of peace was signed between Chili and Peru, one of the terms was that Chili should for twenty-five years hold possession of the rich nitrate fields that lie as boundary between the two countries, and at the expiration of that time cede them back to Peru. Ten years have now elapsed since the allotted time, and despite Peru's efforts to regain her rightful property, Chili refuses to give it up, and both countries are busily engaged in preparing for war. Our

ship brought a large number of Peruvian conscripts down to the border, and from Ilo boats were sent out and they were quietly landed under the shadow of darkness. Most of them were poor farmer lads who had been ruthlessly snatched from their quiet rustic life; yet they felt very proud and important in their new uniform and seemed confident of gaining easy victories over their enemies. Outsiders look at them in pity, for poor little Peru does not seem to have much chance against stronger Chili.

Ilo, the most southern port in Peru, is noted for the quality of its sulphur and the large amount annually exported. For four hours our big steamer, the "Oronsa," stowed away sacks of this inflammable commodity as fast as the crew could handle it from lighters along side the ship. Occasionally a bag would burst and soon the floor of the hold was thickly covered with the sulphur, and so were we. The sulphur dust arose in thick clouds to the upper deck and in half an hour we had inhaled enough to render us immune from diphtheria

for the remainder of our lives. As Doctor withdrew to the rail he thoughtlessly lighted a pipe and threw the match overboard To our dismay it was caught by the breeze and blown straight into that part of the ship intended only for sulphur. Fortunately the match fell on a big sack that was still in the embrace of the derrick. A sputtering tongue of blue flame shot up on the instant. The eagle eye of the officer in charge took in the situation at a glance. He gave a loud "oathy order"—"Hoist that sack over board." The order was obeyed in half the time it takes to tell it, and the flaming sack hissed its way to the bottom of the sea. My heart was in my mouth, but I had the presence of mind to swallow it, and presumably Doctor his pipe also. At any rate it was out of sight when the officer turned to us to find out what became of the man who set the ship on fire. We assisted him in his search, but we never found out and the affair still remains a mystery.

Arica is a straggling little village hardly worth mentioning, but we had a refreshing

lunch at a pavilion built out over the sea where we could watch the bathers enjoying the surf, and marvel at the rocky precipice over which General Bolognesi dashed when he found himself defeated. It is now being made into a fortress that already looks as if it might be as impregnable as Gibraltar.

Iquique is the great nitrate port of the world. Soon after the ship anchored we were in a small boat bobbing merrily over a terrific swell through a forest of sailing vessels waiting to convey the rich cargo to all parts of the world. It was a full half hour before we reached the shore, not counting the time occupied by an attempt to photograph several millions of ducks, gulls and pelicans that have for years congregated on the sea-wall and rocks in the harbor. A municipal regulation requires all the houses made of wood to be painted on the eighteenth day of September, which is the national independence day, and as a result the town looks clean and well kept. The tram-cars are ludicrous affairs with canopy tops and narrow seats into which only four people can possibly

squeeze. They are presided over by women conductors beside whose attire that of Sis Hopkins would sink into utter insignificance. The custom of having women conductors dates from the time of the last war, when all the men were away fighting and the cars had to either stop running or be run by women. The experiment was tried and the women hired at the munificent salary of fifteen dollars per month.

They proved so satisfactory that they are still retained and the men must seek other employment. They are most obliging and when we signified our wish to go out to Cavanche, where a wonderful surf comes roaring in upon a picturesque shore, we were taken by a circuitous route through the town and out to a new hospital situated in a bleak, unprepossessing location lonely enough to make even a well person ill. Protesting that that was not the place we desired to visit our conductress replied that "having perceived us to be strangers (wise woman) she thought it much better for us to see the only new building erected in the town for many years instead of wasting our time on mere scen-

ery." It was only after one of our party who spoke Spanish fluently had said things that would not look well in print that we succeeded in being directed to the "mere scenery," which we found well worth all our trouble.

We reached Antofogasta just before sunset, in time to see the fishing fleets go out, and very pretty they looked bowing and curtesying on the waves like partners in a quadrille, and then flitting straight out toward the west, their sails giving them the appearance of great white butterflies fluttering toward the golden sun that was dropping over the horizon.

CHAPTER III.

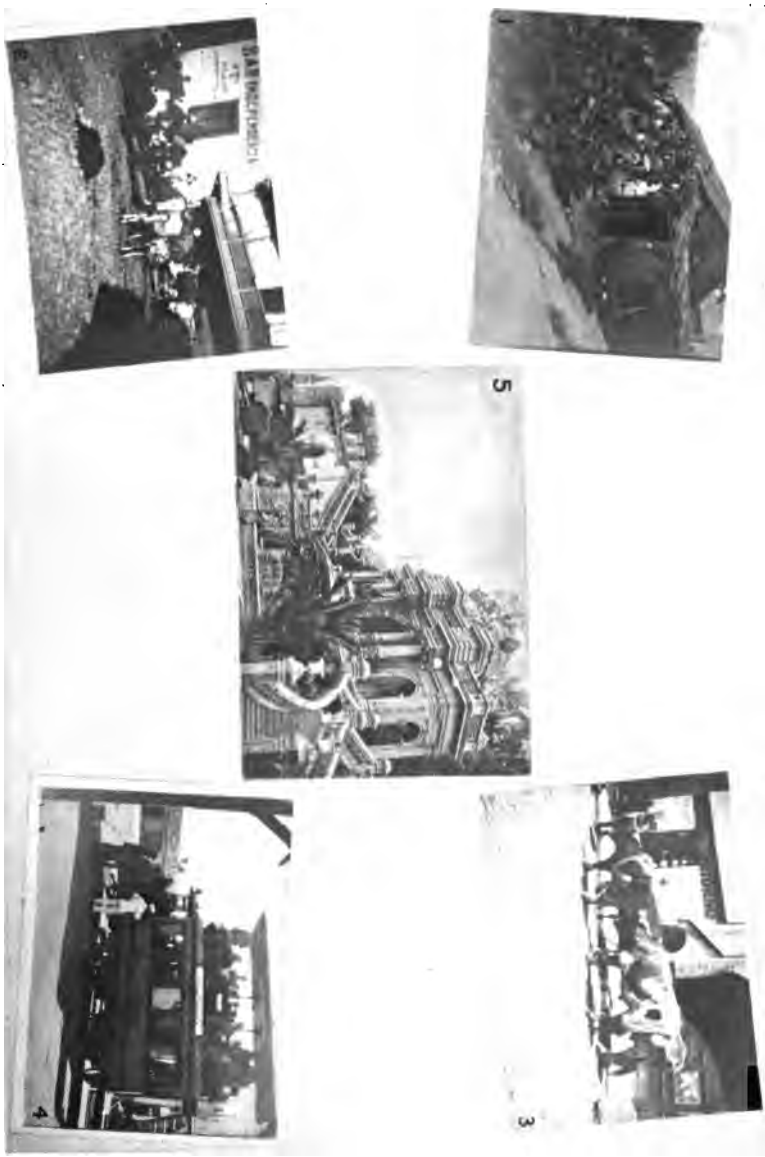
VALPARAISO—SANTIAGO—VINA DEL MAR—TROPEDERAS—LOTA.

Valparaiso (Valley of Paradise)—founded in 1536 by Juan de Saavedra—is an impressive city as it climbs terrace above terrace on the circular rim of a great bay, which is very beautiful yet one of the most dangerous in the world. When a storm creeps down from the north and lashes the water into a turbulent, tossing whirlpool the waves often wash up over the three storied buildings along the quay and cause great ruin and loss of life. The approach of a "northerner" strikes terror to the heart of sailors and the ships within the harbor at once weigh anchor and hasten out to sea to remain until the storm has subsided.

Valparaiso is built in sections one above the other on narrow ledges, like pantry shelves,

against the mountain side, and the ascent from lower to upper is made by means of ascenseurs, or elevators, that run on cables and keep the passenger wondering where he would stop should anything chance to give way or work wrong. It is a city of contradictions. Beautiful palaces loom next door to tumble-down, soot-covered hovels; gardens filled with rare exotics overlook pig-stys and stables; fine turnouts with "snifty" coachmen and footmen are apt to follow in the train of a dirty "chola" carrying a couple of live pigs tied by the legs to a bamboo stick swung over his shoulder—perhaps in company with some squawking hens protesting loudly against travelling to market in so ignominious a fashion, if one judges by the vigor of the squawks that punctuate the air.

Animals are shamefully abused, and only within the last few months have the united efforts of the American and English residents succeeded in securing any assistance from the government in punishing the offenders. Sharp spurs are used unmercifully, and many of the animals have been blinded by the stinging



1. A Valparaiso Shanty
2. Milking Corner in Valparaiso
3. A Bullock Team
4. A Santiago Tram
5. Entrance to Santa Lucia Park

lashes of whips swung continuously by the drivers.

It is astonishing what great weights the horses and mules carry. Families load all their earthly possessions on the backs of their beasts of burden, and horses are often seen staggering under household goods piled upon them. Vehicles cannot reach the upper town, as the ascent is too steep for wheels, so all the carrying is done by the horses, mules and burros. The carriages used to convey people about the lower town are ramshackle affairs, and there is constant danger that the wobbly wheels will suddenly decide to roll alone, or that the shaky top where the ever busy moth has made several full meals will cave in. We took our lives in our hands and braved these dangers enough times to visit the suburbs and parks not accessible by "jardineras" (trams). There is an excellent service of these, and one who dares pocket his pride and climb up on top to the section allotted to working men is much more comfortable than below, where the car is stuffy and crowded, besides having a wide view in all

directions. Like most of these southern cities Valparaiso has woman conductors, and street-car riding is a popular amusement among the young dandies. Those who most frequently indulge in flirtations with the conductresses are called "Mosquitos"—probably because they swarm so thickly and are such a nuisance.

There are several hospitals where Doctor was courteously shown the method employed here in caring for the sick.

We left cards at the American Legation and found our Minister a delightful person; wandered through the shops; bathed in the surf at Vina del Mar, a fashionable suburb to which all the "beau-monde" from the interior flock during the summer months; attended the horse races that here replace the cruel bull-fights of Peru, and enjoyed several sunsets from the promenade in front of the Naval Academy, where a fine view is to be had of the entire city and bay. These southern sunsets are wonderful. The sky gleams with all the tints of early autumn leaves, streamers of opalescent light wave and flutter among rose-tipped clouds, or run down

into the water like roads of light to the underworld, while overhead shines a rainbow of far more vivid hues than ours of the north.

In company with some American missionaries to whom we had letters of introduction, we enjoyed several picnics. One out to Tropederas, where are the quarters of the militia, was especially interesting, as we chanced to choose the hour of drill for the time of our visit. On the way home we passed several funeral processions, one hearse containing three tiny caskets. It is customary among the poor here to notify the undertaker of the death of a child, and he arranges with other families similarily bereaved for a joint funeral. Thus expense is saved. The premature departure of an infant from this "vale of tears" is not an occasion for grief. Mothers believe the little souls go directly to Paradise, and when one dies it is spoken of as an "Angelito." The neighbors are invited in to rejoice, drink "chicha," and dance the "Zama-Cuaca" (pronounced "quak-eh"), the national dance.

There is an appalling infant mortality here,

and according to latest statistics (1909) in a population of 106,546 children under one year of age there were 40,767 deaths in the year, or 38 3-10 in each one hundred. The poor little things receive almost no care, and when unfortunate enough to live "just come up." The sanitary conditions are such that the most loathsome diseases prevail. Children are forced to work at an early age, the parents taking the wages to spend for drink and tobacco. All young men are obliged to serve three years in the army, and some parents have sunk to such depths of degradation that when a male child is born they maim or cripple it in some way so that it will be exempt from drafting, and therefore they will not be deprived of its earnings. One case on record related to me by a lady whose word is unimpeachable seems almost beyond belief. For several days a missionary's wife was disturbed by the incessant wailing of a babe in a hovel near the Mission-House. When no longer able to endure the pitiful cries which daily grew weaker, she went to the place but was denied admittance.

At last through the help of some Christian natives she succeeded in seeing the baby, and to her horror found the child's eyes smeared with honey and covered with the half shells of English walnuts over which swarmed myriads of ants. The poor little sufferer's eyes were literally being eaten away. And all this agony was caused by the inhuman parents, that the child might be sent to sit by the road-side a blind beggar, and by the alms given it through sympathy for its affliction, support its lazy, healthy, barbarous projenitors in drunken idleness. This case is only one of many that are constantly being discovered by the band of noble men and women who have come here to try to better the condition of these people. Beggars are numerous and are said to make a better living than the ordinary workmen.

The poorer class of people in Valparaiso build their houses with flat roofs. These serve the purpose of barn-yards and henneries. Many cows are taken to these roofs when calves, and spend all their days peacefully chewing their cud while gazing o'er the adjoining roofs, and

never come down until they descend in the form of fresh beef.

Novel sights are always sure to be seen in the public markets, but those who visit them need a generous supply of eau-de-cologne and a strong stomach. It is a fine sight to see the fresh fruits and vegetables piled high in the different stalls, and also to visit the department where native laces, scarfs, towels, etc., are exhibited for sale. There are baskets of all sorts and shapes and sizes; fairy-like lace woven by the Indian women; gay colored ponchos; leather work of every description from the intricately woven riding whip to elaborately tooled saddles; mantuas; buck-skin leggings with fancy fringes, etc., etc. Nearly every tourist buys some of the fascinating gourds (cuias) and earthen cups from which is drunk the favorite South American beverage known as "mate" or "paraguian tea." This is prepared by placing the crushed leaves of the "Yerbales" or Yerba tree (a species of holley), in a "cuia" (cup) and pouring over them a small amount of boiling water. The concoction is imbibed

through a long hollow stemmed spoon called the "bombilla," and it is customary to pass the same cup and spoon to all the members of a party, a not over–sanitary proceeding. When one has his own outfit the drink is very refreshing and possesses great medicinal properties,serving as a tonic as well as a social brew.

Milk is one of the real luxuries of Chili, and butter costs such fabulous prices that hotels charge for a second helping. As the first piece is of infinitesimal proportion the uninformed tourist who has always been accustomed to liberal portions at any and all times, is thunderstruck when the bill is presented and he finds that he has been "eating money." It is almost impossible to get pure milk, as the dealers adulterate it with water and magnesia. Some of them advertise to "deliver milk at the customer's domicile either on the hoof or by the litre." For those desiring the former, at five o'clock each morning a herd of cows, asses, goats attended by their little ones, each wearing an uncomfortable looking cloth muzzle, are driven to certain squares in the city and the

purchasers go with their bowl or pitcher and watch while the milking is done into their own receptacles. Even then they must watch closely or the milk will be watered by means of an ingeniously arranged rubber tube running from a concealed water-bag down the inside of the milker's arm and joining the lacteal fluid on its way to the dish. Pure milk costs eighty cents per litre, but milk delivered at the door "no questions asked" can be had for twenty-five cents.

Foreigners in South America are called "Grin-goes." The word originated when a party of drunken English sailors marched through the streets of Valparaiso singing "Green grow the rushes, Oh!" When relating the disgraceful scene a Chilian, unable to speak the English name of the song, described it as "something about grin-go-es, or grin-grows," and the name has clung ever since.

Yesterday we joined the (earthquake) shakers and were well "churned"by an earthquake. Not knowing that the proper thing to do was to stand under the arch of a window or door, we

simply shook, and were not sorry when Mother Earth resumed her steady way through space. Another of shorter duration this morning found us less alarmed, but earthquakes are undesirable novelties, even for the jaded tourists in search of a new sensation. The slogan at Valparaiso seems to be "Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we may be swallowed by an earthquake."

Santiago is a splendid city, comparing favorably with modern European cities. Leaving the station here the train followed the line of the bay as far as Vina del Mar, and thence turned inland across open levels blazing with gold–colored poppies and embroidered with millions of our well known dandelions. We flew past stations where morning-glories, (which here blossom all day,) run riot over the buildings and wind their tendrils high up around the tree-trunks and among the branches, making them look like huge bouquets; then came five tunnels. We crossed yawning gullies and awesome gulches, where giant cacti nod and sway in the wind and forests of yucca palms

raise their spikes of white blossoms amid desolation so vast that we wondered if the foot of man had ever trod there. And ever up, up, up, sometimes hugging the edge of precipices thousands of feet high, like flies on a cornice; and on into the very heart of the Andes. A bridge spans the usually turbulent Anconcagua river, which is now so diminished by recent droughts that it does not seem possible that the tiny stream through an oasis of slimy mud could ever have worn away the towering walls of rock and made a bed for itself. A gentleman sitting near explained that for about a month each summer the river is low, but during the rest of the year is usually over a mile wide and rushes and rolls its troubled gray waters along its deep bed with great velocity. Each twist and turn of the road gave us new views of the highest peak on the western hemisphere—Anconcagua; wrapped in eternal snow its topmost peak is lost among the clouds 22,420 feet above the sea.

At the stations women came to the car windows selling fruit, little cheese-cakes made from

goats milk; bread baked in the ashes of the outdoor ovens extensively used here; chorizo—a sort of sausage overseasoned with red pepper and sure to burn the throat; freshly caught fish "peccares" taken from the cool mountain streams; and best of all "empanadas," fluffy brown-crusted onion and egg turnovers which are delicious, but very rich. Once we were fortunate enough to stop near a wheat field where the crop, which had previously been spread out on a level part of the ground, was threshed out by groups of from twenty-five to thirty horses driven round and round upon it. They were frequently replaced by fresh horses. When the grain is free from the husks it is shoveled and reshoveled into piles until the wind has blown away all the chaff, and then it is gathered into bags for market.

Not at all fatigued after a six hour ride (in a coach made in St. Louis, Missouri) we reached Santiago, lying in tropical splendor while surrounded by snow-capped mountains. It is a city of more than half a million souls, and boasts more beautiful parks and more cases of small-

pox than any other city on this terrestrial ball.

Strangers are always charmed with Santiago, especially the broad avenue of the Alameda lined with fine poplars, acacias, and eucalyptus interspersed with palms and ornamented by numerous statues of the country's heroes and patriots. Every afternoon about four the street is resplendent with many equipages containing gaily dressed occupants. There is a constant stream of carriages, caballeros with silver stirrups and gorgeous saddles, and an occasional motor-car chuggs along in a cloud of smoke that would not be tolerated in New York, but here the auto is a great luxury obtainable only by the very rich and therefore its short-comings are overlooked. In shady spots along the avenue carriages are drawn up to the curb that the ladies may chat with their friends, but never may one bow or speak to a man unless he first salutes her.

Almost in the center of the city rises a rocky hill called Santa Lucia which at great cost, has been converted into an elaborate park conspicuous for its beauty. We strolled under the

shade of its great trees, through cool grottoes, among beds of rare flowers, gradually ascending rock hewn steps until we reached the summit and there gazed in wonder at the wide spread scene below us. Not only the entire city with its graceful towering spires, marble-paved plazas, and artistic homes lay glistening in the brilliant sunshine, but miles of beautiful valley stretched away and melted into the haze of the distant west. It is dotted with groves and vineyards and interlaced by the winding tributaries of the Mariposa river, whose waters are diverted from their channel into narrow canals and thence through the gutters that act as sewers for the city. Although founded in 1541 there has never been any other method of getting rid of the offal, and the horror of it can better be imagined when one learns that during the dry season the water supply is cut off from the streets in the poorer sections and the mortality at such times is almost beyond belief. It is impossible to describe the filth, the stench, the suffering, or the utter hopelessness of the struggle for existence under such conditions.

Despite the efforts of the authorities, it seems impossible to compel the people to report cases, or prevent the intermingling of the infected with their family and friends. We had an example of this one evening when our car was stalled on our way to an old convent famous for the beauty of its surroundings. The moon gave just enough light to show that we were in front of a lonely cemetery enclosed by high walls and cypress trees. A few black-shrouded figures emerged from the gates, and entering the car seated themselves among the passengers. Upon inquiry we found that the little cortege was returning from the burial of a small-pox victim. Last year five thousand died from the loathsome desease. The pest-houses—here called "lazarettes"—are always full and never adequate.

One who has not visited Santiago can not imagine the fearful poverty that prevails in some quarters. The people are uncleanly. Many of them do not know what a bath is, and the matron of a "Sheltering Home" told us that during her seventeen years service she had never

had a waif brought in who was not frightened —sometimes almost into convulsions—when water was first used on its body. In most cases the attendants begin by bathing a hand, then an arm, and so on until the child learns that the application of water does not mean death, or something worse.

The majority of physicians refuse to answer calls from these people, claiming that it would be lost time, as the people have neither brains, inclination, nor facilities to carry out a prescription, and until there is sanitation nothing can be done for the betterment of the existing conditions.

Morals are very lax in Chili, but absolution is always to be had. It is a common thing after the society season to see "penitentas" (women who have been false to their marriage vows and girls who have been indiscreet)—robed in snow white garments going about with downcast eyes recognizing no one, or devoutly kneeling near the confessionals waiting their turn to be purged from sin. In the Orphan Asylum at Santiago there are said to be over

two thousand children of illegitimate parentage. The arrangement for the reception of foundlings is unique. In the rear wall that encloses the building is an aperture wherein swings a cradle on a revolving wheel. A mother who wishes to be rid of her baby goes with it under cover of the night, places the infant in the cradle, and turns the wheel. By this means a bell is rung automatically, and the nuns hearing it take the child and care for it until old enough to be hired out to work.

When a Chilian woman has headache she ornaments her temples with small round bits of paper, to which a curious, superstitious value is attached. If she has any eye trouble she plasters some leaves on her cheek and into her ears, or sticks melon seeds in her nose. Why? No one knows. The origin of the custom seems to be lost in oblivion.

ON BOARD SHIP.

We staid on deck late last night watching the phosphoresence of the waves, admiring the

Southern Cross, and by aid of the Captain's chart tracing constellations new to us. The "Milky Way" (or as a Frenchman translated it "Milk Street") had all its lamps lit, and the famous "Magellan Cloud" (formed by the light of thousands of small stars that are themselves invisible to the naked eye) was unusually bright. The men who spend years of their lives on the ocean are wonderful astronomers, and we learned more about the heavens last night than could have been gleaned from a long course of study in books.

At Lota are the Cousino coal mines. They extend far under the sea, but no difficulty has ever been experienced from their proximity to the water, as the layers of shale form a strong protection and the men feel as safe working with the booming of the waves above their heads as do their brother workmen plying the same trade in the state of Pennsylvania. Countess Cousino built a beautiful palace on the steep bluff overlooking the ocean, and her gardens are considered the finest in South America. They are tended by expert gardeners

brought from England. Rare exotics bloom in riotous profusion, but the stately home has never been finished nor occupied; the Countess is dead, and the heirs are wrangling over her fortune.

The interior of this part of Chĭli is wonderfully fertile. The farmers live like feudal barons and own entire villages in which their employees (Inquilinos) live. Many of them are born, raised, and buried on their master's estate without ever having left it. Farming is done on an immense scale, and usually by means of the most improved machinery. It is not an uncommon thing to find seventeen great steam-threshers buzzing and whirling in the fields of one rancher, and often the result of one threshing is seventy thousand bushels of grain.

Thousands of cattle are raised. One farmer we met owned a herd of thirty-four thousand, and admitted that to be only a rough guess as there were doubtless many more than that, but the number mentioned had all been branded and until the next marking there was really no way to tell the real number. It is hard to real-

ize the fabulous wealth of these successful men of Chili, or the abject poverty of the pitifully poor.

About four hundred miles off the coast of Chili is an island that possesses great interest for boys. It was discovered about 1563 and is the island of Juan Fernandez, where Robinson Crusoe spent so many months with his man Friday.

The square piece of rainbow we saw in the sky yesterday and asked the captain about last night has already fulfilled its name of "Rain Dog," and at present the prospect is that it will also prove a forerunner of heavy weather. The waves are running mountain high white-capped with foam. We can fairly see their strength as they rush by lifting this great vessel high on the crest of one giant roller only to drop it quivering from bow to stern into a deep trough, whence it is quickly gathered up again. Part of our cable has been washed away, and during dinner tonight a stack of dishes on the side-board suddenly decided to do a sliding dance. They successfully accomplished it to

an accompaniment of ear-splitting crashes, much to the consternation of the stewards who all rushed to the rescue, but too late, for the dishes were the quicker and had already packed themselves closely under a corner table, much the worse for their change of location. In the music room shortly afterward a card table suddenly left its place, whirled merrily across the room, jumped lightly into the laps of a loving pair who had previously been oblivious to everything but their flirtation, and it took the united efforts of three stewards to untangle the mix-up. I had a few anxious minutes wondering if the tangled legs of table, disgusted swain, and dishevelled maid would be properly sorted.

A terrific storm—one of the eternal succession of furious gales that chase one another around the South Pole—caught us just after leaving the port of Valdivia. For three days we were buffeted about by the mighty waves that tossed our ship as though it were an egg-shell. At night we were obliged to tuck ourselves tightly in our berths with a padding of extra

pillows, and even after such precaution emerged in the morning with innumerable black and blue spots tattooed over our weary bodies. We could not go on deck because the angry waves swept everything within their reach. We had rain, snow, and hail in quick succession, while the wind shrieked and tramped and howled through the rigging like demons holding high carnival. We watched the storm from the windows of the salon, and it was a magnificent sight, yet all of us would willingly have dispensed with that part of our voyage. At night the scene was weirdly beautiful. The moon shone out from behind a curtain of black, ragged clouds like a phantom face looking mockingly down on the war of the elements, and on the snow-crested mountains with their frozen rivers and giant glaciers rising up from out the angry waves that boiled and surged and swirled at their feet. We felt as never before how fully our lives lay in the hands of the Captain, and in his ability to guide the ship and keep her clear of the treacherous rocks and shoals that line the coast. Navigation is rendered especially dangerous at the

points where the undertow is strong, and is an art requiring unusual proficiency.

The cold became intense as we approached the Straits of Magellan and ran close to the ice-bound shores and glaciers. At night we cuddled close to hot-water bottles coyly clad in red flannel swathings to help retain their heat, and wrapped ourselves in six extra blankets to keep out the bone-searching cold. We shivered and wondered if ever again we would be warm and comfortable. Steam was turned into all the radiators throughout the ship and everything possible done for our comfort, but in vain. Everyone was cold and cross and miserable and even the officers—who make light of all discomforts—were obliged to admit that it was a storm of unusual intensity. In the midst of it all I thought of the woman who spent her life in a weary search for pleasure and decided that "now was surely the accepted time."

Like all trials and tribulations and discomforts the end came at last. When we had passed Cape Pillar and entered the Straits the water

was smooth, the sky blue, and the storm was behind us.

The great quantities of snow and ice and the close proximity to the South Pole make the air bitingly cold, and we were glad to frequently leave the deck and get warm by a radiator, even though there was danger of missing the scenery.

The great features of all the channels are the high abrupt shores with innumerable headlands and bold rocks that have assumed all sorts of shapes. Some like human faces and figures; some like buildings, and others like gigantic mis-shapen animals. There are ravines running back into unexplored lands, against a background of mountains so lofty the snow never melts on their tops, where little clouds, when tired sailing through the sky, circle and rest. In no place are the Straits more than five miles wide, and almost the only kind of vegetation seen are the Antartic beeches and quantities of moss and lichens.

CHAPTER V

PUNTA ARENAS—TERRA del FUEGO-MONTEVIDEO—BUENOS AYRES—SANTOS GUARAJA—RIO de JANEIRO—BAHIA—PERNAMBUCO—FUNCHAL.

Punta Arenas is the most southerly city of the world. The houses of the people, engaged in hunting, fishing, and sheep raising, are painted in bright colors dazzling to the eye, but their dreary lives are brightened by the flaming colors of their homes. The few stone palaces belong to the wealthy residents, who occasionally come to look after their interests and then flit to Europe to spend their time wandering in search of amusement. We enjoyed loitering about the town, visiting the shops before whose doors the merchants stand to lure unsophisticated tourists to buy furs, feathers and furbelows recently imported from Paris, but represented

1. Landing Basket at Bagia
2. In Mid-Air
3. In the Botanical Gardens, Rio de Janeiro
4. Ona Indians of Terra del Fuego.

as being home products. Our most highly prized purchase is a little basket made from an armadillo, a little creature holding its tail between its teeth and staring with unnatural glass eyes at nothing in particular—an expression strongly reminiscent of the vacant look worn by many of the inhabitants.

We had a lively scramble to get back to the ship which was posted to sail at nine P. M. but it was long after 12.30 when we left the port. We regretted that we could not have spent the extra time sight-seeing in the town of untamable Indians and adventurous white folks.

Not far from the harbor a big German vessel had gone aground. Numerous little tugs were busily transferring its cargo to lighters so that when empty she would float with the tide that in the Straits rises forty-five feet. In the channel lie the remains of forty vessels. The officers say that nowhere else is it so easy for a ship to lose her bearings as here, and the result is always fatal because of the treacherous rocks that project under the water in most unexpected places. Some of the courses are so narrow

that a slight deviation places the vessel at the mercy of the swirling eddies waiting to swoop it into their embrace and strand it on the rocks. The shifting sands close up about a boat in almost incredible short time, and unless immediately lightened, she seems to settle into place and even the strenuous tide cannot dislodge her.

Suddenly we caught sight of the lofty mist-shrouded barren peaks and inhospitable shores of Terra del Fuego, and then began an anxious lookout for the strange tribes of Indians that frequent this part of the island. They seem to be unadaptable to civilization, as all efforts to better their condition have proved futile. As soon as they try to live in houses and eat the white man's food, consumption carries them off. There are three princip l tribes; the Onas, or Foot Indians, who are an intermediate race between the giant Patagonians and the stunted Fungians; Alacalofs—wild creatures of the lowest type of savage, with no fixed habitation, and building only temporary wigwams of boughs, as they spend most of their time in immense canoes that carry thirty to

forty people. They wander from cove to cove in search of fish and mussels, and are harmless and inoffensive as long as their women are not interfered with. It is hard to imagine anyone's wishing to ever cast a second glance at their femininity. The Yahgans live entirely in canoes, seldom going ashore. The women do a little cooking over protected fires in the bottoms of the boats, but their food is usually eaten raw. All of these tribes are rapidly becoming extinct. Only a few are left, and they secrete themselves from curious travellers, so it is seldom anyone is fortunate enough to catch even a glimpse of them.

There are illimitable stretches of matted forest, bare rocks and deep ice gorges. Vultures and eagles wait for their prey; condors, albatrosses and wild ducks sweep to and fro, and sometimes one sees the glint of a submarine monster far down in the depths of the clear blue water. Penguins cry greetings in tones resembling those of a jack-ass, or sit like mute images of propriety on the jagged rocks. They do not look like birds, but reminded us of children in an

orphan asylum dressed in white bibs and ranged for inspection.

The sunsets are wonderful. They are the most beautiful the "Great Artist of the Clouds ever spread on the broad canvas of the Heavens."

On these English boats a pretty custom prevails of drinking certain toasts each evening at dinner: Thus on

Sunday—we drink to "The Old Folks At Home."

Monday—we drink to "The Owners of the Steamers."

Tuesday—we drink to "The Captain and the Crew"

Wednesday—we drink to "Our Noble Selves."

Thursday—we drink "To Absent Friends."

Friday—we drink to "Our Native Land."

Saturday—we drink "To Our Sweethearts and Wives."

As the ships round Cape Virgin the lighthouse on the point plays "peek-a-boo." It winks and blinks, then vanishes only to resume the game in a moment. When we pass it we shall

have travelled over nine thousand miles, and yet our journey is not half accomplished.

BUENOS AYRES—ARGENTINA.

For two days after leaving the Straits the barometer wore a cloudy face and looked as if it never meant to predict fine weather, but shortly before we reached Uraguay the sea grew calmer, the sun smiled, and once more wind and waves were at peace.

It was carnival time when we landed in the cultured city of Montevideo, and dumping our luggage unceremoniously into our room at the hotel, we joined the multitude of jostling good-natured people who were thronging the streets, which resounded with gay talk, shouts and laughter. It was confetti day and storms of pellets were filling the air and whitening the pavement. The crowd in the balconies, windows, and hired seats along the avenue, and occupants of slowly moving carriages all joined in the mimic conflict. Mischievous maskers blew shrill whistles in close proximity to neigh-

boring ears, and tickled the nose of the nearest unfortunate with feather dusters. Overhead gay flags were flying from the roofs of houses and tall buildings. Strings of incandescent lights swung between fantastic banners, and escutcheons adorned with erratic clowns pictured swallowing all sorts of unsuspecting animals. It was a gay scene. Everyone was in holiday attire and the best of good nature. While taking no active part in the merry-making, we derived much amusement from watching the crowd and mingling with it. They must needs make the most of their time, for next morning the prank-playing carousers would be demurely moving churchward, carrying prayer books and rosaries, intent only on hearing mass and doing penance for their sins of omission and commission since last Eastertide.

From Montevideo to Buenos Ayres is a twelve-hour sail up the La Plata river, (or more properly speaking the broad estuary formed by the waters of the La Plata, Parana, and Uraguay), that is ninety miles wide at the mouth, very

deep, and vilely muddy. Rio de la Plata means "River of silver," and was so called from a few silver ornaments found in its bed.

Every tourist is impressed with Buenos Ayres, the "South American Paris," where dollars flow like pennies and people are so rich they grow weary seeking ways to spend their money. The city is located one hundred miles from the ocean and presents a most impressive appearance, with its miles of docks that cost many millions of dollars and already are too small for the accommodation of the many vessels coming here from all parts of the world. There are imposing public buildings, private palaces, and scrupulously clean streets. The latter run at right angles to each other, and the city covers an area of twelve square miles. The millions of invested capital have been furnished principally by the English, who have built all the docks, railroads, tram lines, and financed all the large enterprises. The buildings are gaudily and lavishly adorned with mythological figures and garlands of flowers. Even "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like

some of these," especially where the garlands and towers are encrusted with gold-leaf and tinted in rainbow colors.

The principal sights are the Colon Theatre, built at a cost of two million and said to be the largest in the world. In the parterre alone are nine hundred stalls. Its most unique feature is a compartment for those in mourning, who wish to see the gay world but feel too sad to be gazed upon by the unsympathetic public, and here can see all but remain unseen. The Jockey Club whose initial fee alone is $5000 and the most exclusive man's club in the world, occupies a palatial building that is a very treasure house of art and sculpture. Having a surplus two million in the treasury that they could think of no way to spend, they recently presented the old house to the city for the use of the Minister of the Interior and commenced the erection of an even more magnificent abode. La Presna is a newspaper standing for social betterment, and maintains for the free use of its employees a hospital, gymnasium, restaurant, concert hall,

etc., and provides free instruction in music, art, literature, etc., for those too poor to pay.

At the neighboring city of La Plata the government supports a fine Museum of Natural History, where is preserved a wonderful collection of ante-deluvian monsters, together with specimens of the animals of the present age.

In the park at Palermo—one of the suburbs of Buenos Ayres—stands the famous avenue of palms, each rising to a height of eighty feet. It is bordered on either side by broad expanses of velvety grass, beds of flowers, and driveways shaded by beautiful trees.

The Tigris River is dotted with tiny islands, among which one meets innumerable boats. Some are filled with enthusiastic fishermen casting tempting looking flies; phlegmatic tourists armed with guide-books and maps which they seem to enjoy studying in preference to gazing at the scenery; lovers, with idle oars and Love at the helm, happy just to be together; and energetic little steamers that splash and splutter and churn the peaceful waters into whirlpools of foam.

Every Sunday and Thursday there are races, and the crowds are so dense one thinks the entire population of the city must be present.

No one should omit a visit to one of the great "estancias," or ranches, where the "vaqueros" (cow-boys) give interesting exhibitions of their skill in riding, branding, lassooing etc. Quantities of grain, beef, and "charque" (dried meat), and butter are shipped from these farms. The Liebig Beef Company owns the largest estate, and the curious may see their entire process from wild animal alive to tin cans and glass bottles. We inquired about the rainy season and how the ranchers back in the country manage to secure food, etc., at the time of "the deluge." We were shown great carts used to convey heavy loads to and from the interior across the seas of mud that are through politeness called roads. They run on two high wheels with three horses abreast in the shafts and nine abreast leading—all guided by a "carretero" who nonchalantly smokes his cigarette meanwhile. To us, twelve horses seem a large number to be driven together; but noth-

ing seems to be a feat in the Argentine, and most remarkable things are done every day without attracting the slightest notice from residents.

Horses are very cheap in Argentina. Even beggars ride when soliciting alms and quite resent any intimation that the money to be had from the sale of the horse would be a preventive from starvation.

A delightful trip from Buenos Ayres is by steamer up the Parana River, and then a horseback journey through wild forests to a point where, at the junction of three great republics—Brazil, Argentina, and Paraguay—are the Falls of the Iguazu. They far surpass in area and volume our own Niagara, but a fortnight is required to make the trip and few undertake it.

In Paraguay men idle and women work. A wife's position is no better than that of a slave. One colonist married to a Guarani wife treated her most cruelly, ofttimes beating her for some slight negligence or forgetfulness until she was too weak to stand. When a Missionary remonstrated with him and urged more kindness, or at least humane treatment, the husband replied

"I do not treat her half so badly as my neighbors treat their wives. Why allow her to sit at table with me. Que voulez-vous, Monsieur? Here in this land it is customary to treat women as slaves. They expect it, and if we did not fulfill their expectations they would not be any good."

The Paraguayan Indian women are very skilful in making lace. They do not use thread but the very fine fibre of a native tree, and thorns in place of spindles and bobbins for the weaving. The result is a filmy cob-web soft and lustrous as silk and known as "nanduti."

Caracupe, in central Paraguay, is a sort of South American Lourdes, and every year there is a great pilgrimage to the sacred shrine. Tradition says that years ago it was decided to move the statue of the Virgin from Caracupe to Asuncion, and accordingly it was placed with reverence and care in a bullock-cart. The first night camp was set among the Cordillera hills and a watch placed to guard the image. But in the morning it had disappeared. Greatly alarmed, the cortege hurried back to

Caracupe and there, to their great astonishment they found the statue standing in its accustomed place in the village church. Other attempts to remove it met with the same result, and since Rome has declared the whole affair to be miraculous, faithful Catholics regard the statue with veneration and attribute to it wonderful healing powers. During the yearly festival the floor around the Virgin is often covered two or three feet deep with paper money ranging in value from five cents to one hundred dollars, while outside the church are great piles of stones, some weighing as much as thirty pounds, brought as offerings on the heads of devotees not able to contribute money.

South America is a land where Catholicism reigns supreme. Protestant missionaries are sometimes found, and in one city a Jew in charge of the Baptist Mission is fast becoming a millionaire.

Nowhere in the world do men stare as openly as in the city of Buenos Ayres. When a woman walks along the street she is sure to be a magnet

for all eyes. Several years ago one of the foreign ministers was so annoyed by the attention his wife attracted, as well as by her being frequently addressed, that he persuaded the authorities to do something to suppress such insults. Now if a man address a strange lady she need only call a policeman and he fines the offender fifty dollars. But matters are not much improved, for instead of speaking directly to the admired one, men walk near her saying aloud "Oh, how I wish I had fifty dollars! How gladly would I pay a fine in order to speak to this fair creature."

As "pork and beans" are typical of Boston, so "cazuela" is the dish always to be found in the homes of Spanish races. It is a sort of soup made of meat, fish. vegetables, rice, etc.—in fact a little of everything goes into the pot that is always simmering on the stove or over the brazier, and is partaken of at all hours when hunger cries.

Every ship leaving Buenos Ayres carries a sleek, gazelle-eyed cow to furnish fresh milk to stale babies. We are convinced that it

gives more strength of lung and supplies more weeping tissue than all other baby foods combined. The great demand for this "peace be with you cordial," at the nominal price of seventy-five cents per pint, is surely working the cow to nervous prostration.

RIO DE JANEIRO—BRAZIL.

It is with real reluctance that the visitor leaves Buenos Ayres. After a long day's ride back over the turbid waters of the mighty La Plata, Montevideo is again sighted. We arrived at night. Long rows of twinkling lights showed us where the city lay, but we did not go ashore until morning, and then having seen most of the important points of interest on the occasion of our first visit, we did not attempt much sight-seeing, but went for a drive through the park and out to Positos—a seaside resort—and returned to the ship in time to see the last bag of coal and the last truck of baggage come aboard before sailing.

The next stop was at Santos, the greatest

coffee shipping port in the world. The city was once so full of yellow fever that even the ship crews did not dare remain there over night, but when obliged to lay over any length of time, drank a pint of rum and went up into the hills to sleep. Modern sanitation has now wiped out all such danger and Santos is one of the most healthful cities of Brazil, and in size and importance is exceeded only by Rio. We reached the entrance to the harbor at sunrise, just as the big golden ball rose above the horizon. When the bugler, who tootles his horn to call people from their cabins to meals and to sports, made his early morning rounds, he found us already on deck enjoying the most wonderful scenery we had ever seen. Nature has done her utmost to produce this enticing spot, and she has succeeded admirably, leaving only a few touches to be added by man.

We docked near the great ware houses whence 80% of all the coffee used in the world is shipped. The fragrant aroma was enticing, and we immediately sought out a coffee-house and ordered real Brazilian coffee and sand-

wiches. Upon asking "quanto?" (how much?) we were appalled at the reply. Sandwiches cost $100 each and coffee $200. We gasped. What sort of highway robbery was this? Fortunately for our peace of mind a fellow traveller conversant with Brazilian currency hastened to explain the value of their dollar in U. S. money, and even then we thought thirty-six and one-tenth cents ought to enable the restaurant keeper to realize a good profit, especially when one considered the microscopic size of the sandwiches and the diminutive cups. Perhaps it was the same dealer who desired to write an English firm regarding a shipment of coffee, and after spending much time in diligent study and preparation wrote his communication in English. Among other evidences of his proficiency in the language "as she is spoke" he managed to spell the word "coffee" without employing a single letter used in the accepted orthography and produced "Kawphy."

Most interesting is a visit to a coffee plantation, or "fazenda." They often cover an area of fifteen thousand acres—averaging 340 trees to

the acre—and are divided into beds 32 feet wide, each containing three or four rows of trees separated by two-feet ditches used for irrigation and drainage. The coffee berry resembles a cherry in size and color, and a plum in shape. When opened there is revealed a stone containing two seeds encased in a membrane-like parchment, under which there is a thin transparent jacket called "pergamine," and in this last covering the berry is always shipped. The appearance of a coffee plantation in full bloom is most beautiful. The trees with their glossy green leaves look as if powdered with snow, and the air for miles around is fragrant with sweet perfume.

From Santos runs a remarkable cog rail road owned by an English syndicate said to be the richest in the world. The route passes mountain sides covered with dusty banana trees close by pineapple and orange groves, and over trestled bridges spanning terrifying gulches and ravines, where one sees what at first sight appear to be huge boquets, but prove to be tall trees covered with gorgeous bouganvillae blossoms.

Not far from Santos is a small resort called Guaraja, where a curious evening amusement is found. It is known as "trolleying on the sands." After one experience I doubt if many people care to repeat the excursion. The passengers are seated in a sort of springless cart resembling a buck-board with a hooded top, and almost instantly the team of mules attached to it, urged on by the driver's whip and whistle, start away at a furious galop. It is a most fearful pastime ever spiced with the likelihood of a spill, or a collision with other "trolleys" that constantly loom up like flying phantoms. Most thrilling of all is the moment when the point of turning is reached and one pivots on a single wheel that is partially in the surf, and then resumes the "Race with Death" at even a more furious gait than before. It is a mad freak to go tearing over the sands in such a fashion, but whether moonlight or dark, rainy or pleasant, hot or cold, the carriages are always well patronized and up to date no accidents are recorded.

The natives have a peculiar method of taking

a bath, if standing for a few minutes in shallow water can thus be designated. Attired from head to foot in suits resembling macintoshes the bathers approach the water, invariably making the sign of the cross before letting even one toe get wet. Advancing slowly, solemnly to a spot where a few of the extra large waves roll up on the shore, they stand gazing out over the ocean wrapt in deep meditation. After a few minutes they sprinkle a few drops of water over their persons and hurry away to dress. Evidently the most important thing about a bath is to avoid getting wet. These "sprinklers" gaze in wonder and awe at the American and English bathers, who swim and dive and play in the water like porpoises.

Returning to Santos we were caught in a heavy tropical shower that in an incredibly short time flooded the streets and sent people scurrying to shelter. Before a dozen steps were taken we inadvertently stepped into a deceptive looking puddle that rose over our shoe tops and dampened our enthusiasm as well as our feet. We were drenched through

long before reaching the ship, for after we succeeded in finding a carriage the rain beat in from all directions and we were obliged to descend to our cabins for dry clothing.

All nationalities in the Tropics do business in the listless, hap-hazard manner, incident to hot climates, and the only time they seem to show any energy is when they are "doing" the unwary traveller. On our return from a shopping expedition and examining our "bargains"(?) we realized the utter dejection of St. Matthew when he wrote, "I was a stranger and ye took me in."

In one store Doctor selected a briar pipe with a "wind-shield cover." "How much?" he asked. Not being able to understand the language, and fearing the clerk would "do him," he asked a lady from our beloved country who had acquired the Brazilian-Portuguese dialect to translate for him. She said the clerk had put the price down to $1500—Brazilian money. Doctor handed him a bright English sovereign, and the amount of change received in return astonished us more than the price of the pipe.

We filled our pockets, our shoulder grips, and finally left several hundred dollars on the counter. After hours of painstaking figuring we found the pipe had cost fifty-nine cents of U. S. money, but had we been able to carry all the change it would have been only forty-seven cents. As we left Santos the day of the purchase we had this money transferred to the ship, but we were obliged to leave it with the sanitary officer at the next port, who informed us that it must go in the disinfecting vat for at least six months. We are still awaiting the result.

Soon after sailing we were called upon by an over-important official who inquired if we were landing at Rio, and being answered in the affirmative, he requested us to write the story of our lives, tell our age, state where we had been, where we were going, what we had in our luggage, and answer other questions that we considered highly impertinent, but are always required before one is allowed to land. Even when leaving this over-particular republic one must pay an export tax of four dollars for the privilege.

We fell in love with Rio de Janeiro (The real name is San Sebastian de Rio de Janeiro), from the first moment our eyes discovered the dwarf-shaped mountain, "Sugar Loaf," rising at the mouth of the harbor and watching over the city with its red tiled roofs glistening among the wonderful foliage of which so much has been written. The town was founded in 1566. We landed close to a plaza ornamented with a fountain, at whose edge bronze mermaids curled up on their tails held tapering rainbow shells to catch the spray that escaped them and splashed out upon a red and black mosaic pavement that is very pretty to look at and pleasant to walk on.

There are magnificent avenues and boulevards lined with fine residences, excellent shops, a steep mountain covered with trees, ferns, orchids, winding walks and charming little retreats, whence is to be had an extensive view. The top is reached only by a railway whose cars jerk upward with so many stops at terrifying heights that there is ample food for thought in wondering what would happen

should anything give way, or a cog slip. There are churches innumerable to visit, fourteen theatres, and several museums. But best of all is to walk or drive in the Botanical Gardens. There lovely flowers fill the air with perfume and offer sweets untold to the humming-birds (called by the natives "Be aflores"—kiss flowers—)that flit and sip and hum, while brilliant beetles and rainbow-hued bugs whirr and buzz, and butterflies swarm and flutter like winged flowers. The scene is like fairyland at dusk. Then flowers and trees unite in giving out distracting perfumes to greet the evening shadows, fireflies glitter in the grass and among the plants—avoiding each other in abrupt zig-zaggings and sudden loopings of flame. The bamboo hedges with their feathery fronds often attain a height of ten or twelve feet and are justly famous. The grasshoppers grow as large as ordinary butterflies, and have a most tantalizing habit of beginning a plaintive heart rending chirp just as one decides to indulge in a few minutes of napping.

The ants (of which there are 335 species in

South America) are fully half an inch long and very destructive. They are one of the most annoying pests of the country. They will attack a tree at night and before daylight snip off all the leaves and carry them to their nests for provender. It is not an unusual thing to see moving toward you what appears to be an ambitious grass-plot. Looking closer to confirm or dispel the fear that you are insane, you discover the grass-plot to be a procession of ants industriously carrying home their spoils—a green leaf apiece. And if you peer closer still you will perhaps see some tiny ants enjoying a ride on the backs of their big brothers.

We were impressed with the beauty of Rio's undulating shores, picturesque islands, and the ugliness of its battleships. The dreadnoughts, which are scattered about under the lea of the islands, remind us of policemen who choose corners that are conspicuous, but also afford quick shelter if a shot is heard disagreably near. We were informed by a resident Englishman that all the guns of these belligerent dreadnoughts were spiked by order of the Mayor during the

insurrection that occurred just previous to our visit. Several municipal buildings bore evidence of the too-late action of the Mayor. At present there is naught to dread from the dreadnoughts.

It is in Rio that oysters grow on trees—a statement that when first heard makes the most blazé traveller gasp, but is never the less true. The wide spreading roots of the mango trees twist far down below the water and offer a tempting place for young oysters to cling. Nearly every tourist drives out to a certain bay, where for a few pennies the ever-obliging negro boys will wade or dive and bring back a branch to which are attached oysters. Those who care for such a feast may pick the bivalves from their abiding place and eat at their leisure, knowing well that when they relate the experience no one will believe, but each listener will slyly nudge his neighbor and wink as if to say, "He must think us dead easy."

Scorpions are found in large numbers in Brazil, and cruel experiments are tried with them to gratify the abnormal curiosity of

strangers. The little unfortunates will not allow themselves to be killed, but when placed within a ring of fire will puncture the back of their necks with their tail in which is carried a poisonous liquid. They prefer to commit suicide rather than be tortured.

A Brazilian usually wears his ring on the first finger, and by the stone set in it one is able to tell his profession. Thus a lawyer wears a ruby; a physician wears an emerald; a sapphire is for the civil-engineer; a turquoise for a military engineer; and a granada for a chemist.

EN ROUTE TO FUNCHAL.

Leaving lovely Rio with real regret the next stop was at Bahia. There we were welcomed by a large whale, who had evidently come from the fathomless depths of mid-ocean into shallower water. Barnacles attach themselves perniciously to such animals, and he doubtless wished to rid himself of them by a scrub against the coral-reefs that abound along this part of the coast. There were a number of

these monsters rolling and spouting in the neighborhood, and they seemed to be enjoying a good play.

Bahia is a city of stucco and bright colors. It is similar in location to Valparaiso, but more unique. Built on planes of varying altitude there is a lower and an upper town. In the lower is the business section interspersed with narrow, winding streets. One thousand feet above are beautiful plazas, broad avenues, and handsome houses—many of them elaborately decorated with painted tiles. It is unusual to travel from one city to another by going up in the air, but everyone rises from lower to upper Bahia in an elevator. The city is a famous diamond market, and many beautiful gems are found in the near vicinity.

What impressed us as stranger than anything else was the drawing of the color line against the whites, who are greatly in the minority in this oldest of Brazilian cities with its population of 300,000. The negresses attain a distressing stoutness. Some of them weigh as much as 250 pounds, but they present a neat

appearance in voluminous skirts of many colors, picturesque turbans, and neatly folded shawls. The men appear in alarmingly scant attire, but woe to the white man who goes coatless. To appear in the street without a coat is considered the greatest of misdemeanors for a white man, as the blacks reserve to themselves the privilege of negligee. Strangers not knowing this custom often meet with severe treatment at the hands of the street loafers, but with coat on the tourist receives the utmost courtesy.

Bahia abounds in bird-venders who offer gay macaws, parrots, and foolish sad-faced monkeys for sale at fabulous prices. Undaunted by price purchasers are numerous.

We weighed anchor at the beginning of the second "dog-watch." No one seems to know why it is so called. Perhaps because it is a watch cur-tailed.

As soon as we cast anchor in the harbor of Pernambuco, the sailors threw over huge chunks of salt pork attached to concealed hooks, and it was not long before the passengers were

hanging excitedly over the rail watching the frantic struggles of a big man-eating shark, who had swallowed the tempting (?) morsel and was immediately sorry he had done so—remembering an important engagement in quite a different latitude and suddenly finding himself unable to keep it. It was interesting to watch the men let down ropes with slip-noose ends to tie the monster firmly, and then nine sailors had a tug-of-war to pull him up the side of the vessel and onto the deck. Soon the butcher appeared with a huge knife and the ladies retired while the shark was opened, and his stomach examined. Finding that it contained no human remains, the shark was carved up and cast over to his waiting friends. Big sharks, little sharks, skates, sword-fish, and one horrible devil-fish were all swimming excitedly about, waiting for the feast they seemed to know was soon to come. Each onlooker clung more closely to the rail, while pictures rose before them of what their fate might be should they chance to lose their balance and fall into the sea.

At Pernambuco the water abounds with so

many sharks, and the heavy swell makes landing so dangerous, that passengers are placed—five at a time—within a high round basket, the door locked, and the novel car swung by means of cranes over the ship's side and down into a deep flat-bottomed boat below. It is an exciting moment when one hangs suspended high in the air, dangling as it were between sky and sea. But it is all over in a moment, the basket thumps down upon the floor of the waiting boat, the door, is unlocked, and once more the occupants are free.

Pernambuco takes its name from the long reef, or coral rock, on which it is built and is rendered a veritable Venice by its interlacing rivers and canals. These, and the houses tiled and painted in their "coats of many colors" give a gala look to the city, especially when the sun shines on the bright tiles that decorate many of the front doors.

Being as much a resort for whales as its neighboring city of Bahia, the whaling industry is one of the most important. It is also one of the largest sugar ports of Brazil and

quantities are sent to Europe by each out-going vessel.

FUNCHAL—MADEIRA ISLANDS.

No sooner does a ship appear within the harbor at Funchal than it is surrounded by a flotilla of small boats, each containing two or three dark skinned native boys in the scantiest of clothing, crying vociferously to the passengers to throw money into the water that they may dive for it. Scarcely does a coin touch the waves than,—splash—every boat is empty and the sea looks to be full of nimble young frogs. Down, down they go to the bottom only to rise almost instantly with the bit of silver (for they disdain coppers) between their teeth. Climbing into their boats they beg for another toss. One lad, who could speak a few words of English, offered to dive from the top of the steamer and swim under it if some one would give him a shilling. Upon receiving it he really did as he agreed, accomplishing the feat in a very short space of time.

We went ashore in a tug, landed at the Praca, or principal plaza, and were soon enjoying a ride in a bullock-cart—a sort of willow chair set on iron runners and gorgeously canopied with bright colored chintz or cretonne. These gay vehicles are drawn by meek looking oxen led by leather thongs passed through holes in their horns and guided by a boy. Another boy walks beside the sled carrying cacti leaves and oiled rags that are frequently placed under the runners to make them slide more easily over the rough cobble-stones with which the city is paved. The streets are very steep and so narrow that in only a few of them can carts pass each other. So the drivers have certain routes they follow in order to avoid meetings.

There is a fine old garden overlooking the sea where coffee is served in the shadow of white-washed walls over which jessamine, roses, stephanotis, and yellow allamandoes hang in thick curtains of bloom. The fragrant lily-of-the-valley tree (Clethra Arborea), with its branches of delicate white flowers like five or six rays of lillies-of-the-valley growing from

one stalk, is a native of Madeira. A most curious shrub has spikes of scarlet blossoms that look like arrogant farm-yard roosters trying each to get his head higher than the others and have the last crow.

The ascent of the mountain is made by means of the funicular rail road, and the descent in a "Carro," or running sledge, made of basket work fixed on runners and skillfully guided at lightning speed by two men standing on a sort of shelf behind.

For the indolent there are canopied hammocks suspended from a long pole borne on the shoulders of two men. They will carry their passenger to all the points of interest in which Funchal abounds for only a few cents per hour.

CHAPTER V

LISBON—CINTRA.

Portugal is usually thought of as a land of balmy weather, brilliant sunshine, and interesting people, but on the morning of our arrival a perfect hurricane was blowing; rain fell in torrents, and everybody was cross. Despite the efforts of the elements to dampen our enthusiasm we paddled out under umbrellas to visit some of the stores and museums. We crossed on our way the far famed Roly Motion Square. The mosaic pavement is laid so that it presents an uneven appearance to the eye, while in reality perfectly flat. Scarcely anyone can walk upon it at first trial without hesitation, as the optical delusion is perfect, and the pedestrian fancies he must lift his feet much higher than usual, so as to step up and down over its apparently rippling surface.

The streets swarm with beggars dressed in rags frayed to the last degree of wearability. Some of them are so horribly deformed that one shudders at their approach. Each and every one of them stretches out emaciated, claw-like hands and beseeches the passer-by for coin. It is an unpardonable insult to pass a Spanish or Portuguese beggar without noticing him. If not disposed to give anything it is customary to pause and say "Perdoneme-usted," which means "Excuse me," and in nine cases out of ten the beggar will smile politely and pass on.

Flower-girls with baskets of dew-sprinkled violets slip noiselessly up and deftly pin a bouquet on your dress or coat and laugh gleefully when you shake your head. They are so pretty and childlike that you have not the heart to refuse the payment of the few reis demanded, and giving them to the delighted girl you pass on only to fall into the hands of another vender.

Many of the clerks and waiters receive higher wages on account of their ability to speak

1. Queen Amelia's Cat
2. A Fruit Vender of Lisbon
3. The Moorish Castle at Cintra

English, but their knowledge of the language is of text book phrase variety, and anything outside is far beyond their interpretation. Some of their mistakes are very funny, yet exceedingly aggravating if one wishes anything in a hurry. One of the ladies at our table asked the waiter to order some stationery sent to her room and he replied, "It much too far. Me order cab quick." (He confused the words "station" and "stationery"). Another time, we asked if he thought "we would have rain today?" He smiled pleasantly and hastened toward the kitchen saying, "Me order it quick from English speak grocery."

We shivered our way back to the hotel through sleety rain in time for "table d' hote," and spent the evening writing letters and listening to a befrizzled and bejeweled dame sing several songs—allowing a short pause between for encouragement and applause. Receiving only a stinted amount of either, she continued her unrequested programme complacently, evidently well pleased with herself and pitying others unable to appreciate her efforts.

SEVERAL DAYS LATER.

The next day was perfect and we took an early train for Cintra to visit the Royal Summer Palace now in possession of the government, which is making money from the fees charged for visiting it. It is about an hour's ride from Lisbon. At the station carriages wait to take the visitor to the topmost summit of the mountain where the palace stands. Its gold dome towers like a sentinel over the sweeping plain below, with its wealth of olive-groves, vineyards, orange orchards, and busy towns. Many old hidalgo residences are set in behind high walls with coats-of-arms sculptured over the gateways, which afford only tantalizing glimpses into fascinating gardens laid out in winding walks with shady nooks and rustic seats. They are approached by broad terraces, where caged birds twitter in answer to the tinkling of fountains, and bumble-bees buzz among the flowers, becoming intoxicated on the sweets offered by the luxurious blossoms. The road passes through the village and then begins a

series of steep grades and many curves, winding in and out under noble trees whose deep overshadowing boughs tempt one to linger among the periwinkles and myrtle beneath; over little brooks that hurry along talking in intimate murmuring tones to the low, grey rocks overgrown with moss and wrought in lichen mosaics, or caressing the drooping ferns that overhang its banks; past long stretches of softest herbage carpeting the earth for acres, and offering tempting feed for the herds of goats that roam there.

The first halt is made in the shade of a Moorish castle—centuries old—whose battlements now lie in an endless confusion of broken stones, wild, rugged and forsaken save for the birds that loiter along the walls seeking new spots in which to build nests.

A white haired old custodian waits at the draw-bridge spanning the moat and conducts visitors through the palace which is just as the royal mother and her unfortunate son left it. Even the magazines lie about her boudoir, and we found her pet cat taking a comfortable

snooze in an inverted umbrella left on a balcony. I persuaded the guide to sit for his picture and snapped Pussy at the same time.

The majority of tourists return to Lisbon by way of the sacred mountain "Montserrat"—an enormous mass of rock 4070 feet high, whose formation resembles a hugh castle. It contains the world famous shrine of "La Santa Imogen," which is a wooden image of the Virgin said to have been carved by St. Luke and brought to Portugal by St. Peter. Every month in the year a mighty army of pilgrims toils up the mountain to the shrine with votive offerings and earnest prayers. A twisting path leads from the shrine to a cave between rocks in the ground where St. Honorius lived as a stern penitent for thirty years. As one man said "One year there ought to have been enough to tame the most reprobate soul."

Most Portuguese churches have a curtain hanging across the entrance, and a decrepit old man or woman is always near to push it aside, expecting in return a few reis. Inside waits the sexton who will show you everything

in the building for a few pieces of silver, and attempt unintelligible explanations as well. Passing by the crowd of beggars who loll at the doorway, you step inside the church. There the hum of the busy world is gone. A quiet, peaceful hush prevails; the sun shines dimly through stained glass windows which sheds a subdued light on the carved altars. At St. Vincente de Flora are the "Royal Sarcophagi," containing what are commonly spoken of as "The Pickled Kings." At the time of our first visit the great organ was playing softly, and white-robed priests attended by acolytes were just leaving the altar. We walked about admiring the lace-draped shrines, pictures, and carvings and were then conducted along open corridors paved with marble mosaics, where monks once paced telling their beads, or sat illuminating missals by the stone mullioned windows. Within a chapel stand long rows of sarcophagi bearing the sculptured names of men and women long since dead. Heavy palls of velvet and satin, to which the active moth has given assiduous attention, drape the hermetical-

ly sealed caskets through whose glass tops one may look upon the fast shrivelling mummied kings and queens of old Portugal.

Sad of interest is the story of Don Pedro, the son and successor of Alfonzo Fourth. While married to Dona Constanza, Don Pedro became enamoured with Ignez De Castro (a lovely and virtuous maid of honor). Death carried away his wife and he was secretly married to Ignez. They lived in happy seclusion with their children until one day, while Don Pedro was absent on a hunting trip, assassins hired by Alfonzo murdered the little family. Upon his return, Don Pedro—crushed by his bereavement—raised a revolt and vowed that as soon as he was king he would be revenged. Accordingly, as soon as he ascended the throne he assembled all the nobles, gave proofs of the legality of his marriage, caused the body of Ignez to be exhumed, dressed in royal robes and placed on the throne. Then he ordered her crowned, and forced all the noble lords and ladies of the court to pay homage and kiss her hand while he stood by her side. Then, still

unsatisfied he caused persons, 1000 to the league, holding tapers, to line the fifty-two miles of road to Alcobaco, where he carried his beloved for interment.

The Cathedral proved disappointing. Its greatest treasure is a bit of the True Cross, and though only a tiny piece, when added to all the other pieces preserved in different parts of the world, would make a cross of gigantic proportions containing several thousand feet of lumber. Extensive repairs are being made on the Cathedral, and the frescoes and mural decorations are being recolored.

There is a story told of an artist engaged to repair some paintings in one of the old churches who sent in his bill. Payment was refused because the bill was not itemized, so he made another that read as follows:

Correcting the Ten Commandments—$5.16
Embellishing Pontius Pilate & putting new ribbon in his bonnet——— 3.02
Putting new tail on rooster of St. Peter & mending his comb——— 2.20
Replenishing and gilding left wing of Guardi-

an Angel———— 4.18
Washing the servant of Herod & putting carmine on his cheek———— 5.12
Renewing Heaven, Adjusting two stars, & Cleaning the Moon———— 7.14
Reanimating the flames of Hell, Putting new tail on the Devil, Mending his left foot, & doing several small jobs for the Damned— 7.17
Reviving the Flames of Purgatory & restoring souls———— 3.06
Rebordering the robe of Herod & readjusting his wig———— 4.00
Putting new spotted dashes on Son of Tobias & Draping his sack———— 2.00
Cleaning ears of Balaam's Ass & shoeing him———— 3.02
Putting ear-rings into the ears of Sarah— 2.01
Putting new stone into David's Sling
Enlarging head of Goliath———— 5.05
Extending his legs
Decorating Noah's Ark———— 3.00
Mending shirt of Prodigal Son & Cleaning his ear———— 4.09

$60.22

Despite the alterations being made in the Church of St. Belem services are regularly held, but a more depressing, dismal spot could not be found. A sad-voiced organ wheezes indignant protest at such an upheaval, the choir-boys look discouraged, and the effort brings to mind the tale of the sailors who were forced to attend service in a miserable little chapel where the rain poured through the roof. When the hymn, "We are but strangers here," was given out, they replied unanimously "Thank God, we are—in this ere place."

The ruins of the Church of Carmo contain a Museum of relics found among the debris when the church was destroyed by an earthquake. In the Monastery of St. Jeronymos are five hundred orphan boys being educated by the government. Adjoining the Palace of Belem is the Museum of Royal Coaches. It contains a fine collection of state carriages and harness. They are tottering, tattered, and musty, but still pompous relics of the days when kings and queens rode with gorgeous pageants through the streets to impress the wondering populace with

their grandeur. The lumbering coaches are shaped like antiquated canopied beds, and adorned with huge carved and gilded figures, curveting sea-horses, and mythological groups, and draped with tarnished cloth-of-gold.

The city has numerous public fountains where picturesque groups gather to draw water and gossip over the affairs of the day. The scenes around these wells bring to mind the marriage at Cana in Gallilee, and pictures in Sunday-School books of "Rebecca at the Well," for the women carry earthen jars on their shapely heads and there is much merry talk and laughter.

The Market Place is on the bank of the Tagus River and gay with the bright costumes of the peasantry, the trappings of horsemen, varicolored shawls of the market-women, and piles of brilliant-colored fish, who have spent their lives down under the sea among the coral groves and brought some of the submarine tints away on their fins. There are tent-like umbrellas of blue and red covering stalls piled high with fruit and vegetables—red, blue, and

purple plums, apricots (eggs of the sun), pears, grapes, melons, green peppers. Vegetable boats come to the wharves laden with produce and lie side by side with their strange-shaped sails half furled and flopping in the breeze. It is a "living picture" not soon forgotten. In the corners of the poultry section turkey-cocks and roosters fight in willow crates, hens cackle, and pigeons coo. Farther on women sit picking live fowls—their work livened by laughter and gossip. It is a kind of picnic enjoyed by all, even by the babies rolling on the floor or peacefully sucking their begrimed thumbs under counters of garlic and cheese.

Beyond the market runs a tiny creek where the women meet on wash days, and there cheery-faced laundresses rub and pound clothes on flat stones, while streams of smoke rise from immense caldrons hung over smudgy fires, and garments flutter briskly from trees and bushes.

The Varinhos, or fish-women are prominent in the streets of Lisbon. The Portuguese consider it a disgrace to bear a burden of any kind, so these natives of Ovar come into the

cities to act as pedlars. They are really the huckster women from the market, and in the early morning can be seen filling their baskets from the piles of slimy fish the fishermen have brought in after their night's toil to auction off to the highest bidder. The heavy baskets are balanced on the women's heads as they run barefooted over the pavements crying their wares in shrill voices.

Prisoners in the penitentiary are compelled to wear a light-textured mask over their faces when out of their cells but are otherwise treated according to strict humanitarian principles.

Lisbon has a fine service of electric trams, "Carris de Serro," and there are many interesting rides about the city. Sometimes the car follows the line of the new broad avenues, past gardens planted with trees and flowers, or meanders through a labyrinth of alleys and tortuous narrow streets. The high quaint houses have painted shutters. Flower-trellised balconies are adorned with plants and cages of singing birds, and hung with gay awnings, under which Signoritas swing languidly in hammocks

and watch the passer-by, or listen to the thrum of guitars, or the click of castanets.

Occasionally traffic is stopped by the break-down of small omnibuses drawn by mules apt to make unexpected stops on the steep hills, and only persuaded to continue the ascent after the passengers have grumblingly descended from the two rows of chairs fastened back to back along the center of the vehicle and literally "put their shoulders to the wheel." The streets are always full of interest and all sorts of processions go by. Herds of flop-eared goats, files of asses bearing panniers of produce, groups of "specially conducted tourists," bridal parties in white coaches bedecked with white ribbons and dancing cupids, prisoners on their way to break stones, and not infrequently a funeral procession. Funerals are elaborately conducted. The hearse is adorned with rich canopies of heavy black, and drawn by four or eight horses caparisoned with tossing sable plumes. It is preceded by eight men carrying huge lighted tapers, and is followed by at least a half dozen carriages overflowing with

palm branches, floral wreaths, and boquets of flowers. All of the men uncover while the cortege passes, and many of the devout cross themselves and mumble a prayer for the repose of the departed soul. Families will literally starve themselves in order to give one of their number a "swell funeral," but the very poor are placed on a stretcher, covered with a cloth, and carried to the Potter's Field.

CHAPTER VI

TANGIERS—A VISIT TO A HAREM.

Tangiers is the most interesting commercial center of Morocco. As near as can be estimated, the population is 25,000, but census taking is well nigh an impossibility, as the people hide to escape taxation.

From the balcony of the principal hotel (The Continental) a fascinating panorama spreads before one's eyes. At the right a sturdy Moorish soldier stalks solemnly back and forth along the city wall with its many gates and quaint battlements. Out beyond the neighboring flat-roofed houses—where women come to beat flax—lies the Mediterranean, looking as restless as ever the Atlantic does. There is a terrific storm, and the waves are rolling mountain high; no boats have left their moorings, and though we were to sail for Gibraltar this

morning, we are obliged to wait for the storm to subside. It is almost sunset; soon from the turrets and spires of Islam will be heard the Muezzin's call of the Mohammedan faithful to prayer. Five times a day the call is sounded, first at daybreak, after the meredian, half way between the meredian and night, just after sunset, at nightfall, and sometimes a sixth call is given at the hour of supper. Washing, or at least sprinkling with either sand or water is obligatory before prayer.

The mere mention of Tangiers brings to mind the Tales of the Arabian Nights, mental pictures of palm-groves, fountains, beautiful houris, and a kaleidoscope of brilliant colors.

No foreigner ever ventures alone beyond the portals of his hotel as within two minutes he would be hopelessly lost in the entanglement of narrow lanes, twisting alleys, and tortuous streets so badly paved with rough cobblestones that one wonders if it really is a thoroughfare, or only the dried up bed of some mountain torrent. In nearly all the streets you can touch the houses on either side by merely stretching out your

1. Selem, Our Dragoman
2. A Tangier Street
3. Riffi Women
4. In the Grain Market at Tangiers
5. On the Road to Fez

arms; and foot passengers and burdened mules that chance to meet can scarcely pass without one or the other taking refuge in a doorway. Only the streets near the city gates and Market Place are of sufficient width for several people to walk abreast, and I know of only one where camels can go. A maze at the World's Fair would be easy to follow in comparison with these city streets, and besides the narrowness and bad paving they are covered with all sorts of vile refuse and litter. Walking becomes a fine art and few ladies attempt it, but my curiosity to see everything has led us through streets too narrow for riding, and with Selem, our Dragoman, ahead, I next, and Doctor and the other gentlemen behind followed by two other guides, we have threaded our way in and out of all sorts of queer places; but the least said about the condition of our shoes on our return the better. Only one or two times during the year is any attempt made at cleaning the streets, and that is accomplished through the combined efforts of the different Consuls, who are never able to do a tenth part of what they desire.

The houses are generally one or two stories high with flat roofs, where the families gather after sundown. They have heavily studded doors and high grated windows that give the appearance of prisons. Sometimes when a door is opened, the passer-by catches a glimpse of glistening tiles and rich mosaics, winding stairs and muffled figures. The subtle odor of hasheesh mingled with the scent of flowers and the perfume of incense floats out, and suggests dreamy-eyed smokers ensconsed upon luxurious piles of cushions lost in visions of bliss. One tiny pipe of hasheesh brings a feeling of happiness, and three pipes wrap the smoker in an ecstatic state of rapture wherein he feels himself the richest of men, with no desire ungratified and even his slightest wish immediately fulfilled.

Everywhere crowds of people hurry hither and thither. A most heterogeneous mass of types, races, nations, and classes push and jostle each other; camels stalking solemnly by squeeze the pedestrian; ragged, perspiring water-carriers pass with goat-skins held together by ropes of

straw, and from which a tiny stream of water is constantly trickling down on the tired bearer, as he goes from street to street calling to the people to come out and buy their day's supply; mules with deep saddles and gorgeous trappings; beautiful Arabian horses; Bedouins from the Desert; jet black Nubians with the sign of slavery branded on their cheek; truly a motley crowd rushing hither and yon. If at first the traveller grows impatient at contact with all these, and has "insectiferous apprehension," he soon finds that no one ever thinks of making room for anyone else, and the only way to make any progress is to push and knock; not a Christian spirit, I admit, but absolutely the only way to get on among such people.

Selem, our Dragoman, is a tall, stately Moor of better birth and higher rank than most guides. He seems to be well known by all we meet and receives greetings and salaams from all sides. He has frequently been employed by men sent here on secret government service work, and that may in a measure account for his acknowledged superiority. He takes excellent care of

us, and with his cane keeps off the dirtiest looking members of the fraternity of ragtag and bobtail mendicants who swarm about crying for "baksheesh." But even under his protection we find ourselves in constant wonder that we are not crushed in the jam, and frequently wish we might avail ourselves of the services of the Incense seller whose business it is to fumigate the "True Believer," but who would not deign to waste his time on a "Dog of an Infidel." For centuries the Mohammedans regarded Christians as ceremonially unclean, and intercourse with them polluting. Even today a strict follower of the faith will not allow a Christian to enter his house for fear he will defile it, nor eat of meat or fruit handled by him. The time was when a Christian could not walk the street when it was raining, because the water touching his umbrella contaminated the passers-by. Street urchins, with not a clean square inch on their bodies, have been known to beg money from a Christian and then wash the coin before putting it in their pockets. The body of a Christian is supposed to have a

peculiar smell, but surely it cannot compare to the odors that cling to these unwashed Moors.

The best place to see the real life is just outside the Sok Gate in the Market Place, where pandemonium reigns. There the caravans come in from the Desert and the poor tired camels lie down to rest while their drivers unload them and spread out the camp equipment. All about are bright colored tents and gay umbrellas under which sit venders of produce. Women muffled to the eyes waddle about like animated bundles of wrinkled clothes, or sit huddled over their store of hand-woven towels and veils; half clothed children dart in and out among the legs of people and animals—having miraculous escapes, yet always emerging unscathed just as all hope for them seems lost; fire-eaters give hair-raising exhibitions; money changers with claw-like fingers count piles of blackened coins; half-starved dogs search for food in piles of refuse; and all around the edges of the square are strange little eating-houses where date soup is made over braziers, cakes are steeped in money, and rolls of meat are fried

on spits like knitting-needles. There are innumerable open shops wherein sit the merchants, cross-legged on piles of cushions, twisting cigarettes and drinking coffee, with all sorts of merchandise so closely packed about them in the limited space that they can scarcely move.

Little do they care whether customers come or not; if one appears, he must have been sent by Providence, and even though several weeks elapse without a sale—'tis all the same. He needs but little to live, and Allah is great. So he sits and smokes and dreams. Many of these merchants are rich, as they have successfully hidden the money inherited from their fore-fathers, and in order to deceive the powers that rule, and escape taxation or tithes, they hire a small shop, ofttimes a mere hole in the wall, place within it a few articles for sale, call themselves merchants, and worry not at all.

Very beautiful gold and silver ornaments are offered for sale and fraud is scarcely possible, for, as soon as an article is decided upon, both buyer and seller go with it to the "Anim," or Chief, who carefully examines and weighs it,

marks the standard of the metal, and stamps it with the seal of the Bey. Then the value is calculated, and a trifle over charged for the work.

Astonishing results are obtained with most paltry tools, and one sees ancient looms, primitive lathes, and implements of trade that have been handed down from father to son for several generations; yet all the work testifies to the skillfulness and infinite patience of Moorish workmen. The women do most beautiful needlework and their laces show wonderfully intricate patterns.

Hammered brass is used extensively for trays and cups, and it is interesting to watch the artisans as they sit in their shops, or in the street, bringing into relief flowers and fruits woven in among Moorish mottoes and texts from the Koran.

There is a belief among the Moors that camels were a haughty tribe of men, who believing themselves better than the rest of the world, broke away from the "True Faith" and set up a religion of their own. So Allah, in his wrath,

turned them into camels and compelled them to bear the weight of their sins in the shape of a hump, and also to carry on their backs the goods of the faithful whose beliefs they had trampled under foot. Only after all their sins are expatiated can they again become men, and the more patient they are, the sooner they learn to kneel to receive loads, rise at the word of command, and overcome their stubborn spirit the sooner will their reward come and they will be allowed to reincarnate as human beings.

The Moorish race is credulous and superstitious to a high degree and put full faith in charms, amulets, incantations, etc.—practicing many things to control destiny that are very repugnant to our ideas. Everywhere one sees cabalistic signs intended to ward off the "Evil Eye." One of the most common, the impression of an open bleeding hand, is seen everywhere, even on the backs of saddles and over doorways. Little hands carved in ivory or coral are known as "fatma hands." They are a talisman against evil influences. Verses

copied from the Koran are thought to be most efficacious when bound over any affected part of the body, and cupping is a panacea for all ills, as these people refuse medicine on account of their fear of poisoning.

No Moslem ever eats pork, and he must not even touch any kind of meat that is not killed by having its throat cut. This operation must be performed by a male who, turning to the East, draws his knife across the victim's throat while saying "In the Name of God."

The Moorish women are jealously guarded, and the law allows each man to have four wives. A woman must never go out alone and never, never may she be seen unveiled by any man except her father, brother, or husband. Girls are sold to their future husbands when very young, and as excessive fatness is one of the requirements for beauty, as soon as an engagement is sealed it becomes Mama's duty to fatten the bride-to-be. Her food must be of fat-producing elements, and crumbs of expressly prepared bread are rolled and moulded into great pellets called "harrabel," that are rather

thicker and nearly as long as the thumb; these are swallowed after each meal and again at bedtime by aid of a little tea or steeped thyme. Forty to fifty are taken each dayand the process is literally a cramming one, for when the poor girl will no longer voluntarily partake of them, the pills are pressed as far as possible down her throat and the act of swallowing must necessarily follow. The stuffing, to my mind, resembles the "pate-de-fois-gras" feeding, only in this case the victim is not eaten but immolated on the altar of custom.

A Moorish woman can never be too fat, but twenty days "treatment" is generally considered sufficient, and the poor girl is then allowed to rest. Envy fills the heart of every woman who sees someone stouter than herself. A special favorite of one of the great men in Tangiers is of such immense proportions that when she walks it is necessary to have a strong slave on either side to support her, while a third is close behind with a chair upon which she drops groaning and puffing after every few steps. We were fortunate enough to meet this cum-

bersome mountain of flesh during one of her promenades, and it was indeed ludicrous to watch the difficulties attending her downsittings and uprisings and hear her vigorous snorts that would have done credit to an elephant.

Weddings nearly always occur at night and Thursday is the usual day of the week chosen. There is no real ceremony, but the bride, arrayed in her finery and closely veiled, is conveyed to her husband's home in a kind of wicker cage resembling our hampers and tied round with her sash as an indication of her presence within. It is then placed on the back of a mule and supported on either side by a man. In front march gunners who keep up a perpetual firing, and behind walk men carrying lanterns, and others with musical instruments from which they wrench monotonous ear-splitting melodies(?). This parade moves through the streets for some time, and then the tired little bride is dumped unceremoniously across the threshold of her new home, where she is on probation for six months. If not beautiful nor amiable enough to please her lord and

master he may, at the expiration of that time, return her to her parents as unsatisfactory and seek a new wife. Instead of a marriage ring such as European nations use, the Moorish badge of wifehood is a large ear-ring measuring fully four inches across, and often so heavy that it requires other support than the ear itself, which sags disgustingly under the weight.

Women blacken their eyelids with kohl, stain their hands and nails with henna, and adorn themselves with innumerable bracelets and necklaces—usually of good quality. The amount of jewelry worn is usually indicative of the favor they find in the eyes of their husbands. Among the tribes of the Desert if a girl touches an Arab's horse between the eyes it is equivalent to saying she is willing to ride to the end of the world with him, but aside from this I have not heard of a Moorish woman's ever being allowed to express any preference as to whom she likes.

There are many Jews in Morocco, and their wedding customs are even stranger than those of the Moors. On Thursday, two weeks before

the actual marriage ceremony, occurs what is called "terere el gumlih," and consists in the breaking of a jar containing corn at the door of the bride's chamber as a symbolic wish that she may be fruitful. On the following Thursday the groom, accompanied by all the relatives of the bride and himself, attend service at the Synagogue and afterwards entertains them at breakfast. At one o'clock the party assembles on the galleries surrounding the patio of the groom's house, where a priest cuts the throat of a bull to the accompaniment of wild music and rejoicing by "taghareet"—which is a sharp squealing noise made while the tongue moves rapidly from side to side of the mouth, and is a mark of happiness much practised by the elder women of both Moors and Jews. After the sacrifice, a cloth is placed over the body of the bull and upon this the company throws down money, each calling out his name as he does so, and then saying "God be with Merchant or Mr. So-and-So (the name of the groom). The more money given, the more honor is considered to have been paid the couple, but

the priest and his attendants keep the spoils. At the conclusion of this ceremony the groom takes a bit of cotton wool dipped in a mixture of honey and henna and places it, together with a piece of money, upon the head of the bride as an omen of future prosperity.

On Saturday the groom, who has previously attended service and for a second time entertained at breakfast during which the guests sang sacred songs and hymns, comes to the house of the bride, and with the single men, enters a room where she is seated on a dais with her spinster friends ranged along the two sides. They are arrayed in their best finery and have used all their arts to make themselves attractive in the eyes of the young men who have come to choose wives from among their number. Having made their selection the men send presents to the parents or guardians of their ladies, and if they prove acceptable, each one goes with his friends to the house and immediately becomes formally engaged, but from that time he does not see his betrothed until the beginning of the marriage festivities.

The next step in the service is to accuse the groom of some crime and he is condemned to receive a certain number of lashes, which are by members of the party who have previously been provided with stout silken cords for the purpose. Then he demands to be ransomed by the bride and she usually immediately divests herself of her jewelry and trinkets and hands them over for his redemption. Should she hesitate or refuse, the groom is hoisted upon the backs of some of the men while the others belabor him soundly. Then the party disperses only to reassemble in the evening, when the long-suffering groom is placed upon the backs of two men and danced up and down before the bride amid a great tumult of music and shouting.

When at last he is allowed to take a seat beside her they both dip their hands into a dish containing leavening, as a token of their future thrift and attention to domestic duties. A supper follows during which the couple remain seated on the throne, but the bride may not partake of anything except water that is now

and then raised to her lips by a little girl, who also fans her as she sits immovable as a statue in the midst of the gay revelry. The following Wednesday evening is "Henna Night," when the groom and his followers again go to the home of the bride and he applies henna to her hands and removes a ring from her finger, or a bracelet from her arm, which he wears until the nuptials. The real wedding occurs the next day when the bride is conducted after dark to her future home by a crowd of relatives, men bearing huge wax candles, and preceded by music, dancing women and elderly ladies clicking taghareet. With closed eyes she is led along the rough streets by two relatives, each holding a hand, and her head is held in proper position by a female relative. Upon arrival at the house she is met by the groom with "The Law" bound about his forehead, who leads her to a dais and the ceremony is performed. He places a ring upon her finger and gives her a piece of gold or silver money; the priest blesses a glass of wine and gives them each a sip, after which the groom breaks the

glass as a sign that they never wish to be parted until the glass is again whole; then the head of the bride is formally enveloped in a handkerchief after the manner of matrons, and the wedding is over.

Through the influence of Mr.—, long familiar with Tangiers life and people, and our Consul, I was fortunate enough to be invited to visit a real harem, and my heart beat high with expectation as we followed the guide through the narrow twisting streets and stopped before a heavily studded door that looked strong enough to withstand the siege of a battering ram. The echo of the ponderous knocker had scarcely died away before a small slave opened the peep-hole and, seeing who was without, scurried away to bring the proper escort for the white foreigner, who was to be allowed the great privilege of entering the carefully guarded house. Soon appeared a giant negress absurdly stout and lavishly adorned with dozens of little silver boxes, tubes, jewelled cases containing holy relics such as a hair from Mohammed's beard, a bit of web spun by the sacred spider

that saved his life, charms, fatma hands, blest moles' feet, texts from the Koran, all jingling and rattling and tinkling as she walked, or rather waddled, with many low bows and salaams bidding me enter. After bidding adieu to the Doctor and other gentlemen and receiving renewed assurance that I would be perfectly safe, I stepped over the threshold and the ponderous door was swung to behind me. I was conducted along several long winding passages to a beautiful open court, with graceful arches and paved in exquisite mosaics. The air was cooled by a softly splashing fountain whose spray bedewed quantities of roses, aloes, and pomegranates. Just beyond the fountain we were met by two white robed slave girls, who sprinkled me with rose-water from slender long necked vessels of silver, while a saucy red-crested bird alighted on a swaying oleander bough and cocking his bright little eye at me chirped, as if to say "Who are you?" apparently as much surprised to see me as I was to find myself there.

The living rooms of the house surround the quadrangle on all sides, opening upon it with

long galleries and colonnades, and the walls and ceilings are beautifully decorated with gold arabesques and delicate traceries. I was conducted to a long room containing no furniture nor pictures (the latter being forbidden by the Mohammedan religion) but huge divans with luxurious cushions of silver brocade ran around the wall, and there were several large rugs of soft harmonious coloring that delighted the eye, and numerous small inlaid stands of exquisite design and workmanship. Lounging on the rugs and divans were eight women wrapped in soft silk and cashmere robes, all gazing at poor little me. For a moment I felt like some strange animal in a travelling menagerie, a fly under a microscope or the proverbial cat in a strange garret. After a solemn bowing and hand-shaking I was invited to sit down, which I endeavored to do after the most approved Moorish cross-legged fashion, and was glad to conceal from view under my skirts my heavy tramping shoes that as a guest I had been allowed to retain instead of leaving them outside, as is the custom when entering any building.

We could converse only in signs and I was amused at the frank curiosity exhibited over my clothes. They received minute inspection, and the child-like creatures were especially anxious to peep into a bag that hung over my shoulder and contained my camera; but I was not allowed to take any pictures, as the mere act of pointing the instrument at a person is sure to bring evil upon them. Soon a eunuch placed some very expensive East Indian wood in a censer to do me honor, and for a few minutes, we were wrapt in a dense odoriferous smoke that long after clung about my clothing with a pleasing fragrance. Tea was made in a silver samovar and served to us by a tiny Nubian, who was black as ink and decked in most gorgeous trappings. The tea was flavored with fresh mint, anise seed, and cinnamon and was very sweet, but the highly spiced little cakes known as "gazelles' shoes" were both pretty and palatable. While we drank our tea and nibbled cakes, a slave sang to an accompaniment of cymbals, tambourines, and a two-stringed violin whose shape reminded me of a fish trying to

swallow its own tail. While I enjoyed my surroundings, the novelty of the affair, and the anticipation of the pleasure to be had hereafter from thinking it over, I must confess that there occasionally flashed across my mind a thought as to the awful fate of women (especially white women) shut up in such places, and my heart sank at the bare idea of such an incarceration.

But I had the cheering knowledge that Doctor and several influential friends awaited me outside the door, and there would be "something doing" if I did not appear within a reasonable length of time. Refreshments over, I was made to understand that the great treat was about to come, and having tried to signal my appreciation, it came. My surprise was genuine when an American phonograph was brought in and some American airs played. Then some Moorish records were put on and one of the concubines sang the words of the music and seemed greatly pleased at my applause. Soon after, the big negress appeared, and finding that I had not lost all use of my legs from having so

long sat on them, I made my adieux and departed, glad of the opportunity I had had to see the real harem life, yet truly thankful to be once more safely on the street side of the door.

CHAPTER VII.

TANGIERS.

We have cast discreet glances toward the entrance of the Mosque of Yemma-el-Kebir; visited the Kasbah, where are the Courts of Justice in which the Ferek, or Governor, daily sits to hear troubles, judge misdemeanors, pronounce sentences, and give opinions on cases brought to him; we have seen the Governor's Palace, the Treasury, and been into the Goal where the conditions of the poor prisoners are worse than that of animals. The prison building is a great excavation with little masonry and absolutely no sanitation. It is dark, gruesome, and inexpressibly gloomy and filthy. Innocent and guilty alike are herded like sheep, each man's case absolutely hopeless unless he is possessed of sufficient money to buy his liberty. The stench is almost unbearable, and most grue-

some is the clanking of the chains as the poor wretches crowd to the small aperture through which the visitor may look in upon them. The daily ration is a loaf of bread and a pint of water, but other food may be obtained from charitable friends, and the men are allowed to make and sell baskets from materials donated to them, but more often the money paid goes into the pocket of the jailer instead of to the hungry prisoners.

For the slightest misdemeanor they are terribly beaten in most cruel ways unless they can in some way secure money to buy off the brute who wields the cudgeons to give light strokes, and even then he is not as gentle as they have a right to expect from the heaviness of the bribe. Theft from a stranger is permissible, but to steal from a fellow Moor is one of the worst of crimes. The first offense is punished by burning out an eye with a red hot iron, and the other eye meets the same fate if the man offend, a second time. It is a common thing to see beggars who were once theives led about by a small boy or a dog, the bleeding

1. A Water Carrier.
2. In a Moorish Garden
3. Cacti Hedge about a Riffi Village
4. On the Mountain Near Tangiers
5. A Riffi Belle at Her Toilette

cavities that once contained eyes swarming with flies and vermin. But the worst punishment of all—far more cruel and fiendish than chaining a man for life in a loathsome dungeon or burning out his eyes, is "the punishment of salt." The guilty man is bound with cords and then four deep incisions, reaching to the bone, are cut in the palm of each hand, the gaping wounds filled with salt, and the fingers broken and pressed down into the mutilated palms. Then a wet cow-skin glove is tightly sewed on, so that as it dries and shrinks and hardens the agony will be more excrutiating.

The unfortunate maimed is then thrown into prison where he suffers most frightful tortures, especially when the growing finger nails press deeper into the flesh. Usually tetanus sets in and death results, but the majority beat their brains out against the walls of their cells so as to sooner end their agony.

Each year many slaves are bought and sold in Morocco, most of them being stolen from their homes in the Soudan. The traders lure the girls by scattering sweetmeats, or during

hard times corn, outside the village in a line to a cover close by, just as in England the poachers coax pheasants with raisins. The slaves are brought into the city and for several days before a sale they are paraded through the principal streets and the Sok, attended by a crier who makes known their particular characteristics and qualifications. Then on the day of the sale they are put up exactly the same as animals, and it is not pleasant to watch the intending purchaser eyeing them over, drawing down the veils of the girls to examine their teeth the same as a horse-dealer looks over the equines at the other side of the market. A healthy well-grown boy or girl brings about the equivalent of one hundred dollars, but very beautiful girls often sell for five or six hundred. Incredible as it seems, slave dealers purchase strong healthy slaves and by them raise as many children as possible; and as soon as these little unfortunates are old enough for the market they are sold. Children under twelve are rented out as companions for other children, but after twelve most of the girls are sent to the harems.

The dress of this country is very picturesque. The men wear a finely worked shirt (kumja) fastened up the front with small buttons and loops, very loose baggy drawers, and to hold these a wide sash of silk or wool is wound about the waist, over which is slipped a coat with large sleeves called the "kaftan." The feet are usually bare and thrust into loose yellow slippers, which are invariably left at the door when entering a house or Mosque. The fez which covers the head is never left off. No one looking at these would suppose them to be originally knitted from white wool and of a size large enough to draw over a bushel basket; but through constant washing, beating, and drying they are reduced to proper dimensions, and then treated to a process of dyeing and pressing that eventually turns them out as the most important article of a Moor's costume.

A green turban or fez indicates that the wearer has made a pilgrimage to Mecca, and married men wind soft folds of white cloth around the fez to show that they are "Benedicts." Over all is worn a graceful flowing cape, or mantle,

called the "haik" that hangs from the shoulders, but in cold or rainy weather is replaced by a "jalabujah"—a cloak made from thick wool with a long pointed hood called "jilabeer," and holes for the arms to pass through.

One thing that strikes us is the wonderful use the lower classes make of their feet, and especially of the big toe, for like all Orientals accustomed to going barefoot the big toe is well developed, and it seems to be no effort for a man to pick up a coin from the floor with his toes, or keep a board in position when sawing.

We have done the town as thoroughly as it is possible for a foreigner to do it, yet each time we saunter forth we find something new and interesting. Especially pleasing was a ride out to one of the Riffi villages. We had an early breakfast and set out soon after seven. Each one of the party was mounted on a mule or donkey (with a donkey boy running behind, pounding, whacking, and punching the animals unmercifully, and screaming the peculiar nasal cry used to urge the sturdy little beasts to a faster pace). No amount of thumping can

induce them to go at any other than their own steady jog and they do not seem to mind the blows to which they have been treated since earliest remembrance, and which have hardened their rough skins until they are well nigh insensible to pain. We meandered along past bright colored buildings; through the busy crowds of natives with their dusky skins; through groups of bulky shiny-faced negroes, lean bodied Arabs and emaciated slaves who wore only drawers, and red cords tied about their heads; past long caravans of shuffling camels, whose sneering contempt for mankind was very noticeable as they gazed over our heads, or fed from a cloth spread under their food as they are too dainty to eat from the ground. We went out through the Market Place where numbers of storks stood on one leg as they watched us pass. No Moor will harm a stork, for everyone knows that the stork was once a Sultan who, being very young and very vain, laughed irreverently at some old men who one day came to pay him their respects. Allah's wrath was aroused by such impoliteness and he suddenly changed the

thoughtless young Sultan into a stork. The birds are looked upon with great respect and are seen everywhere, even roosting on the house-tops among the women; and at Fez there is a hospital for wounded or sick storks, where everything possible is done for their comfort, an attention they repay by building their nests in most unexpected places and perching in stately attitudes all about the city.

Leaving the bridle-path our way led through narrow lanes lined with hedges of cacti interspersed with aloes, whose abundant spikes rose to heights varying from fifteen to twenty feet; past high-walled gardens where apricots and pomegranates flowered and birds sang in the deep shade. Occasionally we caught sight of white-clad women drawing water from ancient wells into earthen jars, while ducks and geese were paddling happily through the mud-puddles formed by the overflow from the wells; girls were washing garments on the stones of a tiny brook, using a native grass seed in place of soap, and then spreading them to dry white and clean upon some of the low bushes, while

they gossiped over the newest styles in anklets, most of which are handed down from generation to generation and are worn smooth by constant rubbing against human flesh. Once we met a party of women bending under the weight of baskets filled with firewood. They were accompanied by a man—probably the owner or husband of them all—who rode comfortably astride a sleek donkey, smoking a villianous looking pipe that belched forth clouds of ill-smelling smoke, while he abused the girls soundly for not moving more quickly.

Then our way led across what was normally the bed of a creek but now a sea of liquid mud that spouted up and around us as our faithful animals paddled through, apparently unmindful of the horrid stench they stirred up. The rest of the route was more agreable, and we rode under the drooping boughs of ancient trees, across green stretches dotted with iris and marigolds, past mounds of sand, over a desert waste; and finally to the rude little village of low reed-thatched huts of mud surrounded by thorny

hedges of cacti, where lives one of the strange Riffi tribes. They live for the most part in the mountains north of Tangiers, but a few have built their homes in the little oasis about half a day's journey outside the city walls, where they come and go like gypsies. The men wear only a loin cloth and a long flowing mantle, and are conspicuous by a lock of hair left to grow long at one side of their smoothly shaven heads, doubtless for the convenience of the angel whose duty it will sometime be to jerk them up into heaven.

The women are fat and frowsy and have a blue tatoo reaching from the nose down under the chin, that gives a queer look to their faces as they peep out from the voluminous folds of their mantles. Instead of veils they wear immense hats, and a cloth folded across the center of the face, leaving only eyes and chin uncovered. It is a mystery how they breathe.

On another day we climbed to the top of the mountain to see an enchanting view of Tangiers cradled in a niche of the hillside in all the glamor and beauty of its oriental splendor.

We could also see the summer residence of the Governor's brother. It is a white palace set high above the city in the midst of luxurious gardens, where a hundred slaves wait to fulfill the slightest wish of their master. We returned to the hotel by a different route in order to halt at an Arab cemetery scattered over two low hills, covered with sage-bush and sand. The late afternoon sun was beating down upon the graves of saints and sinners alike, but sending long shadows that warned us we must not linger too long or the darkness would be upon us ere we reached the city. There were carved sepulchres of rich men, koubbahs (odd little cupola crowned buildings wherein lie the bodies of saints or holy-men). People who can trace the slightest descent from the great Mohammed are considered holy and regarded with great veneration. There is no name on any grave—not even on the grandest tomb, but over the last resting place of the faithful who have made a pilgrimage to Mecca is placed a marble turban.

We have seen several Moorish funerals and

tried not to crane our necks with too much infidel curiosity as they passed. The body of the dead is wrapped in a knotted shroud on which is laid a turban if a man, and a shawl if a woman, and covered with a flag from the tomb of some Saint. It is then sprinkled with water from the Holy Well at ZemZem, which is by the Mosque in Mecca and said to have been miraculously provided for Hagar when Ishmael was a little boy and almost dying of thirst, in the Wilderness. Two or four men carry the body on a stretcher-like bier, while a crowd of ragged fellows walking near chant in weird sonorous tones the praises of Allah, "who gives one life to his servant here and an eternity of bliss hereafter in Paradise." Burial quickly follows death. The body is placed on the right side facing toward Mecca, in a shallow grave scarcely two feet deep, and the shroud untied so that "there may be no delay on the Day of Resurrection." There is one advantage in having such shallow graves for should the friends be a bit premature in the funeral arrangements, the interred may by

exerting a little energy, rejoin those who mourn his departure. For three mornings after the funeral, veiled women of the bereaved family distribute bread and fruit to the poor who assemble near the cemetery, and they also lay sprigs of flowering myrtle and young leaves of palm upon the grave, over which a water-carrier then empties his bag.

We were strangers, intruders, dogs of infidels, so might not enter the sacred precincts of the burial grounds and thereby desecrate the very ground—for to approach a tomb within a certain distance would be an unpardonable offense, more than likely to bring a sudden and fearful death upon the offender. On Fridays from twelve to six cemeteries are closed to men, and the women meet there for social chats and visits. It is an odd sight to see their white shrouded figures flitting about like ghosts, or hobnobbing together as they contentedly chew a sweetmeat made of butter, hasheesh, nutmeg, and cloves. Sometimes they are to be seen rubbing themselves over with a stone, or some sand from the tomb of a Marabout

before making an offering to the "Fokih," or attendant of the place, so that he will unite his prayers with theirs that Allah will be gracious. Women desiring a son usually leave a bit of their veil, or a handkerchief, hanging in the doorway of the house of a saint,—doubtless as a reminder of their requests,—and they are firm in their belief that special benedictions fall upon those making such offerings. On the day of our visit up the mountain we passed the long since deserted house, or rather cave, of one of these holy men and counted sixty pieces of veils waving and fluttering from the little twigs and branches of an Indian fig-tree that grew in one of the crevices of the wall, flaunting its yellow flowers high over the pathetic little signs of faith in the efficacy of the power of a man long since reunited with the dust from which he sprang.

In this strange old city, one never knows at what moment some novelty will be seen. Sometimes it is a barber plying his vocation in the street and scraping an unfezzed head, while his customer sits calmly in the shade of a multi-

colored umbrella. Sometimes it is a beggar carrying a long pole from which floats a strip of white cloth that is here the badge of mendicity; sometimes a group of Arab women flitting silently along from one shadowy street to another like wandering ghosts; sometimes a madman, for the insane are objects of veneration in Morocco, and the belief is that Allah has taken the lunatic's mind into His divine keeping, while the body is left a little longer space of time to wander on the earth. We are told that madness is often feigned so as to profit by the favors always shown to maniacs. Holy men come in from their caves to beg for food and money. Only this morning we encountered some "whirling dervishes," and nearly every day we meet an old Nubian arrayed in fantastic robes bound about with all sorts of things acquired in his wanderings: charms, bells, shells, brass-headed nails, teeth, watch springs, keys, etc. and a mantle that may have once been whole, but is now like unto Joseph's coat and vies with the most elaborate crazy-quilts in its rainbow tints and color effects. The pieces are

put on "hit-or-miss," some sewed, some pinned, and some attached with thorns. As soon as he sees a stranger he begins a peculiar writhing dance, and a chant accompanied by wild contortions, gesticulations, and heathenish grimaces, moving his head rapidly back and forth to weird music wrenched from an immense pair of iron castanets. He is so repulsive that he fascinates, but is a worthy old creature, absolutely harmless, and inordinately proud of having been with Barnum for six years, a time that to him stands out as the red-letter period of his life and raises him high in the estimation of his fellows.

We have listened to the gibberish of the public story-tellers, who relate long tales handed down by word of mouth for many generations and listened to by crowds of eager natives, who sit about on their heels or lounge on their mantles, entranced by the marvelous fables. While he talks, he plays monotonously on a much battered violin, only ceasing his tune to illustrate his words by expressive gestures and eccentric steps.

My skin creeps every time I think of the snake charmer and his exhibition. He keeps his menagerie in a cylindrical basket into which he thrusts his hand and pulls out two hideous reptiles writhing and hissing as he whirls them about his head. Soon a crowd gathers and he hangs one serpent about his neck while he teases and twists the other until it is furiously angry and then he allows it to bite him, which it seems to do with much enjoyment. He allows it to fasten itself on his tongue, darting in its fangs until the blood flows freely and almost instantly the tongue begins to swell and turn dark. Then he performs a number of tricks, such as lighting dried grass by touching it to his tongue, drawing flowers from his mouth etc., and finally begins swallowing the snake tail first while it writhes and lashes, striking again and again, and even thrusting its fangs into his eye. Ough! During the performance a man crouching on the ground keeps up an incessant thrumming on a native drum, while another draws a plaintive wailing note from a reed flute.

Whenever a snake charmer allows a snake to bite him, the native onlookers always touch their foreheads and invoke Sidi ben Aissa—a saint whose power to protect snake charmers from sudden death is believed unfailing. Black cobras and spotted leffa snakes are the ones most frequently used, and the men who handle them begin when very young to inject the virus into their systems and after a few years really become immune to the poison. It was a repulsive scene, yet every tourist wishes to see it, but few care to again be spectators. One of the strangers who witnessed the affair with us wished to test the poison of the bite and ordered a live chicken brought from the market close by; the charmer made the snake bite it and almost instantly it died. When the "post-mortem" was held its flesh was found to have turned black, yet the owner of the snake suffered no ill effects at all.

We were interested in the strange religious dances of the Soudanese,—ebony-hued men arrayed in loose short trousers and sashes which their companions seize to swing them

round and round in perfect whirlwinds of speed. Sometimes they make themselves into human hoops and go rolling through beds of live coals; and again they run about on their hands and feet like huge spiders, while all the time a grizzled old wizard with skin like rhinoceros hide beats a tom-tom, and a swarthy giant towering head and shoulders above his mates, waves and shakes an immense pair of cymbals.

We chanced to be in Tangiers at the time of Mohammed's birthday, when the followers of a sect known as "Hamadshe"—(followers of Sidi Ali bel Hamdush) go on a pilgrimage from Tangiers to Mequinez. The start is made after a religious ceremony during which the inspired dance slowly backwards in a semi-circle until one of them, being filled with the proper fervor, rushes into the ring and seizing a battle-axe begins beating his own head and prostrating himself. This he continues to do until far enough spent to satisfy the director of ceremonies who restrains him. Sometimes there are as many as ten or fifteen fanatics dancing up and down, pounding their heads at the

same time and the square near the great Sok literally flows with blood.

The Moors claim that it was on their coast that the whale disgorged Jonah, and on the spot where this is said to have occurred they have erected a temple built of the ribs and jaw bones of whales. Really quite appropriate materials.

The Bay of Tangiers has a very shelving bottom where soles abound and the natives have a curious way of catching them. A man wades in up to his waist, and as the slightest ripple would interfere with his locating the fish, he carefully pours out a small quantity of oil and as soon as the surface is smooth and an unsuspecing fish swims by, he strikes with a long barbed spear and rarely misses his aim.

One rainy night we paddled out under an umbrella to visit a Moorish cafe. A lantern is a most important accessory for an evening stroll in Tangiers, not only to show the way, but to prevent stepping into the many evil-smelling mud puddles, or treading on dead dogs and cats that seem to appear by magic.

Few people were abroad, and after following our lantern-bearer and dragoman through narrow lanes and up a steep flight of stairs we found ourselves in a long low room with wide tiled dado and frieze, the floor covered with dirty grass-woven mats, and the air reeking with smoke. Devoutly praying that there were no holes in our stockings we left our shoes in the long line of foot coverings belonging to other visitors and frequenters of the house and sat down cross-legged in a corner where we could see the entire place. Bitter sweet coffee was brought us and this we tried to drink while we listened to native singers (howlers) chanting tales of the early conquests of the Moors, of their fall and expulsion from Granada, closing with a long drawn out wail of mourning for the present state of affairs, and then a jubilant hope for restored power and fame in days to come.

The language in Morocco is Arabic, and education usually means a little arithmetic and commiting to memory some of the chapters of the Koran. There are schools every few blocks where the children sit cross-legged on the floor

about the teacher. He recites aloud in a monotonous tone, his body swaying back and forth and his head bobbing. The boys repeat the words aloud until they are fastened in their minds, and the uproar can be heard several blocks away. Sometimes the teacher writes a text on a small board and the boys copy it, (thus gaining some idea of the Arabic characters,) but usually everything is learned parrot fashion. Girls are never educated, for they do not count. When one is born there is wailing on the threshold for forty days; but baby boys are always welcome, and immediately upon birth a prayer is whispered into the right ear to ward off evil spirits.

We have had only one glimpse of the Sultan and then he was riding a beautiful white horse, which signifies that his majesty is pleased, but when he appears on a black horse the people know that something has angered their ruler and they hide their heads in fear.

When the Sultan travels it is with a cortege of wonderful magnificence. Sixty mules are required to transport his tent alone, which is

an ambulatory palace furnished in greatest splendor and equipped with everything condusive to the comfort of the great man. Nothing must ever be allowed to disturb or annoy him, and we are told that when in camp a high wind chances to arise during the night, the stakes of the tent must not be driven in with mallets for fear the pounding might arouse the Sultan, and so a regiment is routed from slumber and seated around the tent to hold the ropes in place.

CHAPTER VIII

GIBRALTAR—ALGECIRAS—BOBADILLA—RONDA—SEVILLE.

The storm abated as suddenly as it rose and we left Tangiers in the afternoon, reaching the ship after a hard struggle with the waves that seemed determined to swamp our staunch little boat. Selem told us that the sea would only quiet after it had taken toll of three human lives, and in apparent corroboration of this tale three sailors were drowned while trying to get ashore from one of the vessels in the harbor.

Arriving at Gibraltar after a dangerous crossing we found the town built in terraces along the west slope of "The Rock" towering 1430 feet above the sea. Rising abruptly out of the ocean the granite monster—placid in its impregnability—is honey-combed with forts.

At every angle a black-muzzled cannon stares one in the face. The red coats of the soldiers give color to the otherwise gloomy streets. The original inhabitants of Gibraltar were a half–tame tribe of tailless apes said to be descended from the "Apes of Tarsheesh" sent, together with peacocks and offerings of silver, gold and ivory, to King Solomon every three years. Only a few are now left and they are carefully protected by the garrison who religiously register all births and deaths. Several attempts have been made to increase the ape population by the importation of other apes, but the old tribe resents such intrusions and promptly kills every newcomer.

We were obliged to rise at half past four the morning we left, in order to catch the boat across the bay to Algeciras, whence starts the morning train for Bobadilla. The Spaniards were so jealous of Gibraltar's commercial importance that, although the rail road was built by English capital, it was not allowed to start from Gibraltar and was obliged to establish its terminus at Algeciras. After we arrived

there we had the pleasure of undergoing a custom-house inspection. We have been through that ordeal thirteen times since leaving New York. We purchased some ancient sandwiches and some cold boiled eggs that had seen better days and settled ourselves in the corners of a delapidated coach that bumped its way along over the worst road-bed on which it has been our misfortune to travel. We napped most of the way to Bobadilla, where we enjoyed a delicious hot breakfast, and after changing cars continued our journey to Ronda. There we encountered a party of Cook's Tourists—sad eyed, haggard and wan—inspecting a bridge across the river Guadalquivir, said to have been built in the old Roman days by Julius Caesar.

After a few hours spent in visiting the points of interest at Ronda we again took train. The outlook was beautiful, especially the glimpses of wild mountain scenery and the views of the extensive cork forests. After a tree is fifteen years old it is stripped every eight or nine years. The first stripping taken off is used

for lamp-black. After two or three times the cork is of finest quality, and at each harvest the yield is about one hundred pounds.

We passed a grove of gigantic olive trees said to be five hundred years old. They yield immense crops and are twisted into most weird shapes. From a distance they look like huge mis-shapen human figures wending their way across the plain.

There were deep ravines where bouganvillaes flung curtains of bloom over the rocks and cliffs; clearings where peasants were turning up the rich brown soil with primitive ploughs, or busily weeding and hoeing their farm lands; hills where the tinkling of goat-bells made music as the herds grazed on the soft herbage; orange groves whose golden fruit hung near the car-windows when we stopped at tiny hamlets; and acres of horticultural gardens, where masses of oleanders, jessamine, lillies, and roses made the air redolent with perfume. That evening we arrived at Seville.

Immediately after dinner we wandered out and joined the crowds of people that elbowed

their way through the narrow streets. The most important street is called "Sierpes," and is so named from a long since vanished tavern that stood at one end and was known as "The Serpent." The zig-zag path leading from its door has now become a street, but is so narrow and winding that during the busiest part of the day a barrier is placed at either end to prevent carriages from entering, and pannier laden donkeys are the only sort of conveyances allowed to pass through.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and we went to the Alcazar to feast our eyes on the azure and ivory tiles and mosaics that gleamed in the white light.

In these Latin countries people seem to live only at night. Public promenades are crowded with gaily dressed people; lovers stroll hand in hand or linger in hall-ways for a last sweet word of parting. The men smoke cigarettes incessantly, under all conditions, at all hours, in all places. In ancient times lovers beat themselves beneath their lady's window, whipping their flesh until the blood burst through the skin,

and continued the barbarous act until the lady cheered and cried "Lash thy self. Still harder. Now I love thee. I am thine," and stretched her hand through window bars to be kissed by the ardent swain, or dropped her handerchief or glove for him to carry next his heart as a memento of her favor.

The Sereno, or night-watchman, is a relic of olden times not found in many Spanish cities of today, but he is one of the curiosities of Seville and all through the night may be heard chanting at regular intervals "The hour has struck and the weather is clear." He has other duties besides tolling the hours. Not least important among them is assisting weary gentlemen who have stayed out late to enter their homes. The kind Sereno unlocks the door, undresses the wanderer, and does all he can to put Mr. Night-hawk to bed without awakening Mrs. Stay-at-Home.

Several days should be spent in Seville. A favorite promenade skirts the Guadalquivir. It is a long avenue lined with lime trees and sycamores, whose brown balls of last year swing

on the boughs or drop onto the heads of passers-by. Then the road winds past a street shrine where the Image of the Saint has lost its royal nose; through a court-yard—empty and quiet save for the quacking of forlorn ducks to the House of Pontius Pilate. This building is an exact copy of his house in Jerusalem, and was built by one of the nobles of Seville on his return from one of the Crusades in the thirteenth century. The guide points out the exact spot where the cock crew, and also the balcony from which Pilate showed Jesus to the multitude.

We went through the Gardens of the Alcazar, picked a leaf surreptitiously from an orange tree said to be four hundred years old; across the square to the Cathedral, and up into the beautiful Giralda Tower that claims for its architect Gaver, the inventor of algebra. All Seville stretches at your feet when you stand on the summit—305 feet from the ground—and the Guadalquivir looks like a silver ribbon winding down past "The Golden Tower" to the sea. The Giralda is said to have been built on

the site of the prayer tower of a Moorish Mosque in 1184, and takes its name from the bronze figure representing "Faith" (thirteen feet high) that ornaments the top, and though immensely heavy turns in the lightest wind. The great bells of the tower were each baptized with a special oil before being hung and were named for Saints. San Miguel is the largest and its tones boom out over the city like a cannon's roar.

There are many interesting things to be seen within the Cathedral, and to Americans the most important is the tomb of Christopher Columbus. The casket containing his ashes is enclosed in a sort of bier supported on the shoulders of four colossal figures representing the four provinces of Arragon.

In the sacristy are wonderful altar ornaments of gold and silver richly wrought with precious stones. There is a library of 18,000 volumes called "La Columbina," presented by Ferdinand the son of Columbus. The most precious document is the manuscript of Columbus' Travels carefully sealed in a glass case and in a remarkable state of preservation.

All of the chapels are richly adorned with beautiful screens of carved wood and magnificently wrought iron scrolls, for which Spain has always been famous. Beneath the altar in the Chapel known as "La Capella de los Reyes" is a silver sarcophagus containing the body of San Fernandez (Ferdinand lll,) who drove the Moors out of Spain, and was canonized because he carried faggots with his own hands for the burning of heretics. The body is extraordinarily well preserved, and on every Fourteenth of May, Thirty-first of May, August Twenty second, and November Twenty-third it is exhibited to the public, while troops march past and salute it.

A curious custom prevails here that is not found anywhere else in the world. Every evening at dusk for eight consecutive days after the Feast of Corpus Christi there is given before the high altar in the Cathedral what is known as "The Dance of the Seises." It represents the dancing of the Israelites before the Ark, and is performed by ten boys dressed like Spanish caveliers of the medieval age.

They wear plumed hats, white stockings, doublets, etc. The dance is reverently done and its movements resemble a solemnly performed quadrille. Each figure has a mystic meaning and the lines in which the dancers move form letters. Most easily distinguished by the onlooker are the figures 8, single and double chain, and double "S"—which stands for "Sanctisimo Sacremento."

Most tourists wish to see at least one bull-fight. A few days before a fight there is a great meeting at the fields where the bulls are, and the "Four Hundred" of Seville drive out to watch the "Espados" choose the animal they wish for an antagonist and affix their colors to his stall. The night before the fight, in the wee small hours when the streets are clear, the bulls are surrounded by their "Cabestros," (oxen with bells hung to their necks who have been with the bulls in the fields and become friendly with them) and driven to the Arena by men on horseback, who compel the animals to travel at top speed. This is called the "Encierro." At the appointed hour of the great

day the band begins to play a lively tune, the doors into the ring are opened, and the procession of all who are to take part in the cruel pastime enter. First on horseback come the Alguaciles wearing velvet cloaks and feathered hats to over-top rich satin suits; the Espados, or Toreros, walk next, followed by the Banderillos; and then come the Picadors on horseback.

Each in turn salutes the King and Queen and the former throws down the keys of the torils, or bull-pens, to the Alguaciles. The Toreros, who are dressed in rich satin garments of bright shades of rose, turquoise, violet, grey, or silver, change their satin cloaks (called "capas")—for others of commoner material and take up position to await the coming of the bull. These cloaks are gorgeous affairs worn only on entering and leaving the ring, and are heavily embroidered with gold and silver and often small jewels are introduced. The "montera," or hat, is of odd shape covered with black velvet or chenille and costs forty pounds sterling. The Toreros also wear wide waistbands of silk called "fazas" that measure four yards in length,

and this wonderful costume—always made in Madrid—averages to cost not less than one hundred pounds or five hundred dollars.

The part played by the banderillo requires great skill and courage. His duty is to plant the "banderillas"—wooden sticks sixty five centimetres long, covered with bright colored paper and having large sharp hooks in the end—in the shoulders of the bull. Every movement drives the hooks farther into the quivering flesh of the infuriated animal as he rushes bellowing and raving about the arena. The art lies in placing them in pairs as closely as possible together.

Every bull fighter grows a small plait of hair rather high up on the back of his head and by it his profession is recognized. It is called the "coleta," and when once cut off his public career is at an end.

The "muleta" is a large red cloth folded in two and draped over a stick, which is flourished to attract the bull's attention just before killing him.

The "picadors," generally three in number—

are placed at regular intervals around the ring and each one does everything in his power to induce the bull to attack him. Each one carries a long pike with which he irritates the poor animal when he draws near him, and while the picador usually escapes injury, nine times out of ten the bull gores the horse,—who is blindfolded. It is not an uncommon sight to see the unfortunate helpless equine trampling on its own entrails. It is a cruel, cruel sport but never-the-less the one adored by Spaniards, who will go without food in order to have money for a bull-fight. A stranger at the "Plazados Torros" might well imagine that the entire population of the city had come to see poor dumb brutes tortured and killed. The crowds are enormous, and hours before the time announced for the fray, every seat is taken and the roads leading to the plaza are filled with a hurrying throng humming like an exaggerated bee-hive, anxious to secure some point of vantage whence they can view the slaughter.

Next to bull-fights the Spaniards enjoy the game of "pelota," which is as exciting as it

is difficult. Marvelous agility and dexterity are required to excel as a player. The game is played between two high walls—220 feet apart—and consists in sending a ball weighing three ounces to certain heights on the walls by striking it with a graceful half-moon shaped glove called a "chistera" (two feet long and six inches wide) made of fine basket work. One end is like a leather glove through which the fingers are passed and then it is tightly strapped to the wrist. It is an exciting game to watch and one that never allows the spectator's interest to waver even for a second.

"Dominos" is also a favorite game with the Spaniards, and throughout the night one hears a sound like rattling hail-stones, that is made by the constant turning and returning of thousands of dominos. The noise is so great near the popular gambling houses for this game that the passerby is obliged to lift his voice when speaking to a companion.

THE END.

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